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CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . Page 297
A COMMON CAUSE 298
HAND TO MOUTH 299
A LONDON DIARY. By Critic . . 300
L'APRES-MIDI D'UN FOREIGN OFFICE FAUNE. By Sagittarius . . . 301
THIS ENGLAND 301
HUMAN PLANNING. By Tom Harrisson 301
SHOP STEWARDS AND PRODUCTION . 303
EIRE AND ULSTER? By Lt.-Col. E. ff. W. Lascelles 303
WHY SHOULD I? By Y. Y. . . 304
COUNTRY NOTES. By V. Sackville-West 305
A HAPPY INVASION. By an American Correspondent 306
THE MOVIES. By William Whitebait . 306
CORRESPONDENCE 307
From R. W. Rawlings; Denis Ireland; Jack Carney; Arnold Lunn; Sybil Prinsky; Lt.-Col. Hans Kahle; H. Palmer; Sir Peter Chalmers Mitchell; Elizabeth Leigh Pemberton; Anon; An Expectant Father; John Gloag; M.R.
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By V. S. Pritchett 309
REVIEWS:
A New Standard Work. By Raymond Mortimer 310
Queen Victoria. By Kingsley Martin 311
Jersey Oxonian. By A. L. Rowse . 311
The Magic Carpet. By Christopher St. John 312
Wealth and Wool. By David Knowles 314
GRAMOPHONE NOTES. By Edward Sackville West 314
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 316

THE GERMAN CHESS-BOARD

THERE is a time-honoured maxim of naval strategy which tells us that the sea is one. Not even in these days of swift movement and aerial attack have all the continents become what the seas already were in Nelson's day, a single field of operations. But we are nearing the ghastly conception of the earth as one strategical unit. The guns on the Russian front echo from Paris to Korea, and the advance of the German armies in the Ukraine may open up new fronts from the Turkish Straits to Dakar. The German Staff and the restless machine of diplomacy and propaganda that seconds it is content no longer to work on a continental scale; it takes the world for its chess-board. It is busy in Turkey, Japan and Spain, and while the end of its rush across the Steppes is still a subject of conjecture, it seems to be mustering new armies that will do its bidding as far away as Siberia and West Africa. Our own counter-measures, so far as they have been disclosed, are on a smaller scale, but they have ranged from Spitzbergen to Iran and new developments are no doubt due before long. Russia's entry into the war has revived the underground Communist Parties of Europe and their coming to life is visible in the tension that has brought tragedy to Paris and a more stenuous resistance all over the Continent.

The first of these new fronts may open up around the Black Sea. It is possible at last to form some tentative idea of the shape of the war in Russia. Judged by the precedents of previous Nazi campaigns from the Spanish Civil War onwards, the drive at the centre, designed to divide the enemy's forces into two disconnected halves, should have been the most formidable of the three German efforts. But the brilliant work of Timoshenko's armies held it up at Smolensk. It appears from the vivid despatches of Philip Jordan that it had renounced all hope of any further advance towards Moscow this season and had begun to dig itself into permanent entrenchments, from which, albeit slowly, the Russians are now dislodging it. If we know rather less about the drive on Leningrad, it also has met with rough resistance, which shows no signs of being relaxed. The weakest front of the three has turned out to be that of the Ukraine. Budyonny is rather a brilliant leader of cavalry than a scientific soldier, and it is to be feared that his armies have suffered even more heavily than the Germans, though Dr. Goebbels has a habit of counting his prisoners before they are caught. However that may be, the German advance guard on the shores of the Sea of Azov is already dangerously far on the road to the Caucasus and its oil wells. That is a stake which the Russians must hold at all costs, and to us it is more vital than the Suez Canal and Gibraltar together. Half of the reason everyone perceives: the wells, even if they were thoroughly wrecked, could, in part at least, after much delay, be turned to Germany's use. But it is an even graver consideration that without oil the Red Army and Russia itself would fatally collapse. On these wells depend not only our ally's planes and tanks, but the tractors that drive his ploughs and feed both army and people. The mechanisation of agriculture involved this risk. Should the wells be lost, Russia, within six months, would face both defeat and starvation. With that catastrophe our own hopes of victory would vanish, for there is no other army on which we could rely to effect the liberation of Europe.

This danger is still a long way off. The distance yet to be covered is forbidding; Odessa and the Crimea still hold out; the mountain ranges are formidable, and on this march the Germans would have to expose over vast distances an uncovered left flank. But for a stake so decisive they will use all their resources of daring and ingenuity. Their best chance is from a combined attack by air, sea and land, but to command the Black Sea they must by one means or another open the Straits to Italian warships. Turkey's attitude, ever since the collapse of France, has been ominously ambiguous. It is alarming that she is now said to be trading chromium against German arms. If she were to admit Italian warships flying the Bulgarian flag after a fictitious sale, this would not be the first irregularity of the kind she has connived at, for she allowed the German troops which occupied the islands commanding the Dardanelles to pass through them on Bulgarian ships. While she hesitates, the Germans threaten her with an attack by the Bulgarian army, which once before, under King Ferdinand, reached the outworks of Stamboul at Tchatalja. The Allies, it is clear, must be ready for any event; thanks to the occupation of Syria and Iran, they have the means of promoting the loyalty of this calculating ally to her obligations.

The other master-stroke which the Germans are now preparing may fall upon Russia in the Far East. While the Japanese are engaged at Washington in negotiations for a settlement of the Far East and a stand-still agreement in the whole " co-prosperity " area of the Pacific, they are said to be massing a great army in Korea and Manchuria. The season may be too late for an attack on Asiatic Russia, but such a concentration would serve to immobilise her Siberian armies. These include some of her best troops, so disposed that they draw all their arms and supplies from bases and factories east of the Urals. Could they be diverted to the west, they would double Russia's powers of resistance. We do not know how far Mr. Roosevelt may presume on the support of Congress, but we believe that it is rather more willing to take a risk in the Far East than in Europe. Slowly and by degrees—witness the speech of Colonel Knox advocating the scrapping of the Neutrality Act—the Administration is steering towards a bolder policy in the Atlantic. That is helpful, but the best service the United States could immediately render to the common cause would be to inform Japan that her fleet would act instantly to answer any threat whether against Russia or the Dutch Indies. This game of strategy can be won only when we also treat the whole chess-board as one problem.

Economic Notes (*from an Industrial Correspondent*)

The date at which Allied and American war production combined are to exceed that of the Axis Powers has receded dramatically. Only a few months ago, Mr. Bevin was talking gaily about our passing Axis output in a matter of six months or so; but now high American authority will make no more than a hesitant prophecy that the glorious day will arrive some time in 1943. Doubtless, the earlier optimistic estimates left out of account the use which the Nazis would be able to make of the productive resources of the occupied countries and also of man-power imported to Germany from these countries, which is now on an enormous scale—at least two millions, apart from prisoners of war. Doubtless, also, the earlier vauntings were based largely on wishes, and not on any real estimate of what was possible or likely. But a part of the explanation is, beyond any question, that American aid is not producing the expected results; and another part is that our own output is in many respects a long way behind what was prophesied by persons who tacitly assumed 100 per cent. efficiency in our war industries without taking the steps necessary to secure even 75 per cent. efficiency. The entire basis of earlier reckonings of relative war production was thus hopelessly wrong. Our estimates took for granted that American war industries would mobilise rapidly (and, *ex hypothesi*, that American consumers would go correspondingly short of normal supplies, despite increased incomes). They took for granted that industrial programmes would be unaffected by a rapid increase in the rate of calling up for the armed forces; that new factories would come into full production as fast as they were built, in spite of difficulties of labour supply and training, of transport, and of raw material supply; that the contract and sub-contract systems would work with perfect smoothness (though notoriously they did not); and that diluted labour would work as well and as fast as almost undiluted labour worked for a few weeks or at most months, under tremendous moral pressure, after the fall of France. In fact, current estimates were fantastic.

* * *

The complacency of our estimates—even though they were based partly on inflated reckonings of what the Americans could be expected to provide—had a very bad effect on the American attitude towards our claims for help. After Dunkirk, a great many Americans took it for granted that we had lost the war. But a few months later, under the influence of our remarkable recovery and spurt in production in the summer of 1940, they reacted much too far in the opposite direction, and slackened off the effort which they had begun to make when they first saw that we were not beaten after all. Thereafter, the negotiations became much too much concerned with the financing of supplies and, except in the case of merchant shipbuilding, much too little with the actual quantities to be delivered. In the case of shipbuilding—thanks, one supposes, largely to the efforts of Sir Arthur Salter, first here and now in the United States—things did move, and American shipbuilding capacity is now rising at a rate which should soon lead to a satisfactory flow of new, standardised vessels. But in most other respects the American economy is still supplying rather what it can easily spare, without readjustments that will cause any disturbances to the American consumers, than what could be supplied if the United States regarded itself as, even economically, at war. Indeed, the position is somewhat worse than this; for increased output in the war industries increases the number of dollars in the pockets of American consumers, and thus leads to an increase in ordinary demand, which further holds up adaptation to war needs. But it is very difficult to make the American people realise what is happening. They are engaged in an active debate about going into the war, or keeping out of it, in a military sense; but many advocates of the Allied cause still hold that their best chance of keeping out of it militarily is to behave as if they were fully in it economically. This, of course, would mean Government control of American production and raw materials, *plus* high taxation and rationing for the American consumers. But is there a hope of putting such measures in force except in a country actually at war and feeling itself to be at war?

* * *

These delays and shortcomings are assuredly not willed by the President. But there is, even in high administrative circles, a certain tendency to prefer planning for what is to happen after the war has been won to planning for winning it. Very active preparations are being made on the American side for the feeding and provisioning of Europe when it has been liberated from the Nazi tyrants. This is all to the good, as long as it does not provide an escape-mechanism for those who wish to take their minds off the hard tasks of getting Europe liberated. On our side, we have set up a department under Sir Frederick Leith-Ross inside the Ministry of Economic Warfare to get ready for the proposed Allied Economic Conference which is to deal with this range of questions, and this new department will presumably be the nucleus of the organisation for dealing with problems of economic reconstruction from an international standpoint. It is of vital importance that we should have such a department as this, to work in with the reconstruction agencies already set up or in process of being set up by the various exiled European Governments; and it is also vital that this body should be in the closest touch with the organisations responsible for American economic policy and for the holding of the huge surpluses which are piling up in various parts of the world on account of market dislocation and transport shortages. But it is also essential not to let the American conscience ride off on " reconstruction," to the extent of putting less energy into the prior task of winning the war.

* * *

Lord Woolton says we have only ourselves to blame for the existence of the black market, if we consent to deal in it. Rubbish! Some people will always deal in such a market, as long as it is allowed to exist. Are we all to suffer for the sins of a few whom Lord Woolton will not or cannot suppress?

A COMMON CAUSE

A.—Are you satisfied that we are giving " all possible aid to Russia? "

B.—The question cannot be put that way. We are not aiding Russia or she us. We are allies, and our strategy should be co-ordinated. Talk about aid for Russia is misleading, even more misleading than the talk about American aid for Britain, which Mr. Dwight Whitney, personal assistant to Mr. Harriman, now on his way to Russia, so rightly objects to. Let me remind you of an illustration that has already been used. The Battle of the Marne in the last war was won by the Russian disaster of Tannenberg, which forced the Germans to transfer troops from the West to the East. A similar transfer of German troops to some other front to-day might make all the difference to Russian resistance during this winter.

A.—Surely there are signs of a more unified strategic and supply policy?

B.—Yes. Politically speaking, the St. James's Palace meeting of the Allies on Wednesday, with Mr. Maisky talking sense about the folly of relying on the Russian winter to make Hitler retreat from Moscow, was a good sign. So are the belated dispatch of the Beaverbrook-Harriman Commission to Moscow and the news that the R.A.F. are aiding the defence of Leningrad. More important still, I think fuller co-operation of every sort may develop for the defence of the Caucasus.

A.—But what about the Western front?

B.—Without full technical knowledge no one has the right to

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dvocate any dangerous offensive—particularly when it might be arried out by people who did not much believe in it and who might ot be good at collaborating with the revolutionaries who need their id. Our resources are limited; full co-operation on one front may nake any large-scale operations elsewhere impossible. All the ournalist can do is to point out the dangers of inaction and the unique pportunity while Russia holds three-quarters of the German army. When I am told that we have not enough ships and equipment, and o forth, I can only point out that the adequacy of our preparation nd strength is relative to that of the Germans and that it is not likely hat it can ever be as relatively good as it is now. Take these factors. We have naval domination, and for the time being R.A.F. supremacy, which will disappear when Hitler can spare aeroplanes for the West. Germany now holds Europe with a comparatively small number of econd-class troops. Most important of all, Europe is seething with evolt. If Russia is driven back to a purely defensive resistance and German repression becomes more ruthless and severe, we cannot possibly expect the present resistance to be maintained. Hunger nd oppression will reduce all but the very bravest to apathy. Since June last year I have never believed it possible to win this war without he active collaboration of anti-Fascists on the Continent. To-day hey are everywhere in revolt. If they are crushed, our moment may never return. Therefore this is the moment for risks. Of course any help must be on an effective scale. Again one is held up by ack of technical knowledge. I should myself have thought that we ought to take food, rifles, hand-grenades and propaganda to as many of "our hundred million allies" as we can reach. I should dd that to remain inactive now is to breed cynicism and a sense of frustration among our allies everywhere, and not least of all in the British Forces. We now have millions of men in this country who can earn little or nothing by further training, and who are very ready to ight. They are growing stale and bitter. The Canadians, some of whom came here nearly two years ago believing that they would go straight to the front—I know the fault does not lie with the British uthorities—are quite literally "spoiling for a fight."

A.—Why, if these are the conditions, do Cabinet Ministers and others talk about the invasion of England and about everything being all right if only we increase production?

B.—God knows. I suppose we shall be invaded some time if we wait for it and become as Maginot-minded as the French. I will not attempt to interpret motives. They are inevitably linked in the minds of men in the factories with speeches like those of Colonel Moore-Brabazon. As for production itself, the prospect is not promising. People seem to forget that if we increase our production, a Hitler victorious on the Continent can also increase his. The battle in Russia is now reaching the industrial areas which really matter. The Donetz Basin produces two-thirds of Russia's coal; two-thirds of U.S.S.R. iron ore has already been lost; over half of the pig-iron production is threatened, and almost half of the steel. The main centres of engineering and machine industry are in Leningrad, the Donetz and the Don area, as well as in Moscow. Hitler will have the winter to restore industries that the Russians have destroyed, and to remove out of reach factories that we bomb. When American production really gets going, I know that it will be immense, but I wonder whether those who say we shall surpass the Axis in 1943 have taken into account that Hitler's potential will also increase. Anyway, my point is that the Battle of Russia is our unique opportunity, and that our position is comparatively better to-day than it is ever likely to be in the future.

A.—If your analysis is right what does the Government rely on to win the war?

B.—I don't know, unless it is air bombardment. There is still a crazy notion that Germans somehow "crack" when you bomb them. There is no reason for thinking anything of the kind. What does "crack" mean? Hitler can move his population much more easily than we can move ours, and if they do get more miserable than they are to-day, they will not be in any better position to stop the war. While I am on that point I should like to add that I believe, as I did last summer, that we ought to use our ships in their return journeys to the States and the Empire to transport most of the children, and a great many women who cannot directly help in the war, overseas, so that this island would be turned into a fortress that could withstand invasion and could be a basis for resistance unhampered by the constant preoccupation of civilian need. That would be part of a whole policy of "siege economics" which I have been advocating for the last twelve months. Our chance lies in co-operation with Russia and with all who revolt against Fascism, in political warfare, and in reorganisation at home.

HAND TO MOUTH

THE B.B.C. "Food Forum" discussions carried singularly little conviction to the mind of the female public. The Woman-in-the-Shop, waiting in a queue, was heard to say: "Well, if this Mrs. Goddard's children are willing to think that carrots and wholemeal bread are as good as oranges and eggs and sweets, just because a Dr. Drummond says so, mine aren't, that's all." She was later heard remarking: "All very well for Lord Woolton to say that tomatoes at the control price were snapped up by early shoppers because they wouldn't go round. You can get some now, with the season nearly over; but for weeks there wasn't one in the greengrocer's, no matter when you got there. They were being kept at the nurseries for those who could afford to go by car and pay a price for them. Black market, that's what it is."

"Black Market," that nasty Continental infection, has now reached almost epidemic incidence. Wholesalers buy up non-perishable food, hold it and resell it above the control prices where these obtain. Retailers sell to catering establishments and hotels at prices, again, above the control. The public, including many private people, buy on the Black Market if they know of a racketeering shop. We are all rejoiced to hear of recent convictions. But have any big firms had their licences cancelled? This sort of swindle should meet with exemplary and well-publicised sentences. How large, we want to know, is the "Woolton Gestapo" of detectives? The ordinary police are not concerned with food offences, and obviously it will take a big body of people to trace the racketeering spiderweb to the central spider. The people, too, are partly to blame, for they are good-naturedly reluctant to give evidence. A large number of the law-abiding know of someone who is an offender; but very few will furnish facts when they are asked for them. "Oh, no! I couldn't tell tales of Mr. Jones. Why! he lives next door to my sister!"

But the public can only detect the small offenders, and public opinion will remain apathetic unless it is reassured about the whole food control. Lord Woolton himself and his staff command public respect. We all know that they are handling an enormous job, and we only wish it were greater. There is still no central command for agriculture, food and the shipping allocated to food imports. The agricultural and nutrition experts who should be in control of the complex are fobbed off with seats on advisory committees whose advice seems to be disregarded. Lord Woolton and his directors are only able to distribute the foodstuffs grown in the country or imported, and so long as there is no nutritional co-ordination they can only follow a hand-to-mouth policy. Within that limit it was perhaps inevitable that the barons of the food trade should have been called in to direct the distribution of different articles. Major Munro, of Covent Garden, controls vegetables; Mr. Gluckstein, of Lyons, catering; Mr. Rank, the miller, bread; Unilever men oils, fats and margarine. The only important exception is Mr. John Adamson, a chartered accountant called in to cope with the desperate fish situation, when fish was sold at fabulous prices which only luxury restaurants could pay. He has made a very good job of it; what fish there is is fairly distributed at a reasonable price. As to the professional magnates, there was much to be said for enlisting their help in running their own trades, and some of them—Unilever in margarine outstandingly—have temporarily sunk their private interests and organised a unified distribution which works entirely to public satisfaction. Of course, the personal element must come in: there must, under such a system, be directors who will not easily co-operate with their competitors or produce for use and not for their trades' profit; but, at any rate, they will be more competent and effective than Civil Servants. In the absence of a genuine far-reaching system of licensing and planned control, you must balance against trade bias the advantages of knowledge and experience.

The point where popular mistrust is focussed is upon the machinery of distribution. That sacred phrase "the normal trade channels" means the normal peace-time wholesalers. We know they are allowed to buy meat products and other non-perishable foods, corner them, store them, speculate in them, and raise the prices of all that are non-controlled. Why? The Ministry controls the raw materials when they are imported. We know only too well that the wholesalers continue to supply their tried customers, instead of distributing the food in proportion to the population. Unrationed food is non-existent in Sheffield and Coventry, where the population is greatly swollen, and easily obtainable in East London, from which the people have gone. Why? It is at this point of wholesale distribution also that the really serious Black Market dealings occur. Why? Again the only

attempt to regulate retail distribution is the partial control of shops with less than 25 registered customers; and the resultant waste is enormous. Why? Because the Ministry will not interfere with private wholesale and retail trade. Its methods are confined to rationing, which is popular and accepted, and to price control, which, as it is incomplete, is evaded and unfair in its incidence.

For there is a still great injustice in the food distribution. The rich can still gorge at the Savoy; the restriction of restaurant meals to one meat or cheese course is inadequate; you can have any quantity of other courses. The working woman uses her own rations, and too often her children's, too, to make the "packed lunch" which her husband carries to the mine or field or works where there is no canteen. Sometimes also to the works where there is a canteen; the packed lunch habit is very strong, and some canteens are half empty. Surely this condition of things could be improved. Of the three types of restaurant—the luxury hotel, the middle-class café, and the works canteen and "British Restaurant"—the last should have heavily preferential treatment: larger supplies of meat and cheese, and every inducement to make communal feeding preferable to the packed lunch. The luxury restaurant should have its meals and supplies restricted; its clients should be trained to be gourmet snobs, not gourmand snobs. The Ministry should also take the plunge and define "heavy workers," who are due a larger ration than others. Nobody really doubts that a farm labourer or an engineering hand needs at least as much food as an A.S.C. lorry-driver, and more than most soldiers, for he does far heavier work. All these reforms would mean added complications. The real reforms of co-ordinated food policy and properly controlled distribution would mean a completely new set-up. But it is time we had it, and stopped feeding from hand to mouth.

A LONDON DIARY

LORD HALIFAX was a good Viceroy and I wish he were now to have a second period in India. It is a mistake to send him back to the United States, because his habits of mind and temperament are totally unfitted to the present American climate. Aristocracy, top hats and benevolent nobility do not go down in the States just now, and all the reports I have seen—and they are numerous—agree that, whether it is the fault of the Ambassador himself or not, the Washington Embassy has been in this critical period tied up with social irrelevances and totally remote from the realities of American opinion. Contrast John Winant; he never wastes an hour that he can help in diplomatic civilities and social functions. No one was ever more steadfastly devoted to an urgent job. In the same way it will be lamentable if Sir Samuel Hoare returns to Madrid. His job was to report on the situation there, which I gather he has done with great ability, though from a somewhat limited point of view, and to keep on the best terms possible with the Franco Government. There was reason for this if we could not afford to risk Spain's hostility, and if bribery and cajolery could keep her out of the Axis. But most of the German Army is now in the East, while Franco has openly proclaimed his adherence to the Axis and is actually sending an army (partly composed of jail birds) to help Hitler against our eastern ally. Sir Samuel likes grandees and gets on well with the old Spanish regime; I am sure that he sincerely believes that monarchists and Catholic Fascists will some day be on our side. Actually—and here is one of the few things about which I am prepared to prophesy—it will be found that the dictators both of Spain and Portugal will play Hitler's game to the utmost the moment the time is ripe. Hitler only holds off now because he is busy elsewhere. A considerable army of German tourists (with revolvers and machine-guns in their luggage) are already in Spain and Portugal, and the prevalent joke that Hitler can take Portugal any day he wants by telephone is scarcely an exaggeration. The scheme is for Germany to take over the defence of Spain against us and, with the Spanish and French North African armies (Weygand is to be forced into compliance), to consolidate for Germany the whole Iberian Peninsula and North African Atlantic down to Dakar. One would like to think that we should forestall Hitler and not wait for him to move first.

* * *

They told you in Kiev how the city had been captured and recaptured in the civil and Polish wars—eighteen times, I think it was—how each set of conquerors issued a new currency, collecting the peasants' remaining goods in exchange for paper which became valueless when the city again changed hands. The old city with its gorgeous cathedral and golden cupolas, its mysterious catacombs with the skeletons of saintly, or perhaps not so saintly, monks; the old city, from whose walls one saw a view of surpassing beauty, still survived, and the lovely tenor voice I heard chanting masses in the cathed gave the lie to the story that religion has been stamped out of Sov Russia. The German description of the desolation of Kiev suggests th even this old part of the city may now have been destroyed, but unl it was razed by shelling and air bombardment, part of it may ha escaped again, since retreating Russian armies which destroy industri plant have no interest in medieval relics. Kiev was beautiful and m be beautiful again. When I saw it I had come from Rostov, a g sub-tropical city on the far side of the Sea of Azov, which the Germa now claim to have reached; and from Dnieperstroi, where the great da was nearing completion, and from Kharkov, the centre of the industri Ukraine. I suppose the Germans will now reach Kharkov; th Russians will feel its loss and destruction far more than that of Kie Kharkov was not, to my mind, beautiful, though the new building that were springing up round the giant square were better archi tecturally than most of the hurried blocks that I saw elsewhere unde construction in the first Five-Year Plan. But the Russians will b right to mind more about Kharkov than Kiev; though the monu ments of the past gave continuity and significance to cultural tradition they matter far less to a new civilisation than the less perfect creation of contemporary man. Kiev was a reminder of an antique feudalis and a rapidly dying superstition; Kharkov was the promise of an a that had not yet had time to remember beauty, but which aimed a more just, as well as a more prosperous, social order. Kiev was dead Kharkov alive.

* * *

The press has naturally enjoyed the joke of seeing Mr. Keyne among the Penguins of the Bank. The appointment is significant orthodoxy, under pressure of war, may be catching up wit Mr. Keynes. But too much must not be read into the appointment there are, after all, twenty directors who are no more than adviser to that ancient and remarkable autocrat, Montagu Norman. Ho much can one iconoclast do among so many who have been accustome to bow at the feet of the golden idol? Mr. Norman retains his offic despite the rule that Governors and Directors should retire at seven (unwritten like all the Bank's rules, but none the less inflexibl hitherto). Why? Well, mainly perhaps because, among those con sidered eligible, there is no one trained to take his place. That i the usual curse of autocratic government. Almost everyone, even th *Economist*, objects to Mr. Norman's reappointment; he is the symbo of a financial orthodoxy which has been utterly disastrous to Englan and the world, though I doubt if Mr. Norman has ever cared a j for any financial principles. He has the elastic and adjustable min of the true dictator, and the interest of Mr. Keynes' appointment i that it is the symbol of a readiness on the part of the Bank to consu at least (and perhaps more) with a mind which could have save us from great follies after the war, which has had great influence i the Treasury during this war, and which may again put us on to a mor hopeful road when this war is finished.

* * *

I have in front of me a packet of "bucket-shop circulars," sen me by a reader who asks why, when we are all being asked to sav paper, this ridiculous waste should be allowed. I can't answer him Nor can I find any reputable explanation of much extravagant adver tising of goods that we are all told not to buy, if we can help it. Som months ago, a correspondent (whose name is widely known) sent m an elaborately produced advertising pamphlet issued by the Cemen and Concrete Association. Five such pamphlets had reached him i the last few weeks from the same Association. The pamphlet contain 28 pages of thick paper, cost 3½*d.* to post and mainly consisted o photographs of cement works. The Association actually offered m pamphlets and 12 leaflets free. Even assuming that the pamphle with their costly blocks and printing and paper were produced befo the war (a large assumption), what conceivable excuse, my corre pondent asks, can there be for posting them, no doubt, to thousand of people during war? Here is, apart from other huge costs, a posta expense of 1*s.* 5½*d.* to one person in completely useless advertisin What had the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the taxpayer to say The last pamphlet described and illustrated on art paper the co struction of Concrete Water Tower structures which many priva citizens must be anxious to build!

* * *

We grow callous to individual suffering in the midst of this wor calamity. But there is one particular group of men whose treatme seems to me to epitomise the barbarism of this age. I refer to th brave remnant of those who first volunteered to fight against the Naz and Italian and Spanish Fascists in the Spanish Civil War. Th

French were mainly responsible for their misery after the defeat of the Republican armies. No group of men ever fought more bravely than this truly International Brigade. In France they have been kept in camps that differ little from German concentration camps, except that the physical brutality was less and the neglect greater. Many have died from hunger or from the diseases that come from hunger. Some have been released to Mexico. Some have been passed over to the Nazis and taken to Dachau and Orienberg. Some have been forcibly removed to a prison camp in North Africa to work for Admiral Darlan and Hitler on the Trans-Saharan Railway, over which Nazi troops will no doubt soon move to occupy the strategic positions on the west coast of Africa. The International Brigade Association, whose secretary is Jack Brent, who lost the use of his legs fighting our war in Spain, has issued a pamphlet, giving details collected from letters of released men or smuggled out from the various camps. It is a horrifying document. Apparently there is still something we can do for these men. There is a chance that diplomatic intervention from the United States might help and some South and Central American States have offered asylum if transport can be found. Vichy might be willing to rid itself of the trouble of killing these men so slowly if the U.S.A. would lend a hand. It is also possible to send gifts of money to the camps through the International Red Cross in Geneva. They lack everything—except guts of which they seem still to have plenty. If any one would like to sleep better at nights with the thought that some of these men who fought to save us from having to fight had soap or a little more food, or the medicines they die for lack of, he should communicate with the International Brigade Association, 58, Theobalds Road, London, W.C.1.

* * *

The following items from Hitler's Europe reach me this week :—

In France canaries and parrots, etc., are no longer in demand, because grain is unobtainable. Though *ersatz* bird-food is sold on the bird market, the birds won't take to it, says *Paris-Soir*, which proceeds to comment : " Human beings are more reasonable ; they know that the new corned-beef substitute, made of specially prepared seal's meat, is superior to genuine corned beef, which is no longer imported." Underneath this article a large advertisement praises the regular use of a digestive powder.

The Nazi Press trumpets the arrival of large supplies of tinned Norwegian fish. But the public is urged to consume them immediately because the packing does not long preserve the contents, and disturbance to health might be caused if these tins are stored.

In a French broadcast from London it was stated that the Nazis have put up a Hitler bust on the main altar of Strasbourg Cathedral, which is being used as a meeting-hall for Hitler Youth.

The Danish Nazis' paper, *Nationalsocialisten*, requests the immediate confiscation of radio press cards, which give the wave-lengths and times of London broadcasts in the Danish language, in order to put a stop to the habit of listening to " news from the British Ministry of Lies."

Shoes made in Lyons factories, centre of French shoe industry, will have specially prepared cardboard or wooden soles. But women refuse the latter because of the clattering noise they make on the pavement.

Himmler, the Nazi chief of the Gestapo, is trying to organise a Danish Gestapo headquarters in Copenhagen. For this purpose nine high Danish police officers have been ordered by the Nazis to tour Germany as guests of German authorities, says the official *Ringkoebings Amtstidende*.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to Peter Browne.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and pin details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

CALVARY.—Notice outside Welsh Bethel Temple.

Mr. A. J. Twigger made an emotional plea for the Sabbath to be kept holy. " If I had my way, I would close every factory and rest every soldier on Sundays, and then within a month you would see all the hordes of Hitler and all the powers of darkness destroyed."—*Essex and Thurrock Gazette.*

Last week's Stock Exchange " Victory Boom " came to an abrupt end yesterday. So far as there was any concrete reason for the reversal of trend it was to be found in the German crossing of the Dnieper.—*News Chronicle.*

And Patrick's Irish blue eyes flash red, until the colours merge like the blue and red bars of his Military Medal ribbon.—*Southport Guardian.*

The Germans seem to be a little apprehensive about our plans in Libya. It is well that they should be so. Even if I knew these plans it would not be possible to reveal them. There are, however, two possibilities. One is that the Germans may attack us. The other that we may attack them. The same situation existed before the last campaign in Cyrenaica.—*Western Daily Press.*

L'APRÈS-MIDI D'UN FOREIGN OFFICE FAUNE

(After Swinburne)

WHEN the foreign envoy his steps retraces,
Who spoke with Fascists in sweet accord,
One sees how well, on a friendly basis,
The pre-war footing may be restored ;
Where gentle pressure has been exerted
The breach is healed and the slip averted,
And the cliché sounds in the windy places
While shady avenues are explored.

One feels firm rulers should be befriended,
And subjects guided by powers above,
So olive branches should be extended,
One flies the kite and sets free the dove.
Some hasty matches are ill-assorted,
The new love's wed, but the old love's courted
Till the new world's made and the old world mended
By the flabby hand in the velvet glove.

How can we sing to them, what can we play to them,
The Moslem belt and the Latin Block ?
How can we bolster them, what can we pay to them,
How can we soften the Bolshevik shock ?
How Axis lovers to tame and tether,
Keep the Left apart and the Right together,
How much can we keep and how much give away to them,
Nor risk a split on the Soviet rock ?

One builds afresh on the old foundations,
One dallies hidden from prying eyes,
One seeks improvements of strained relations
With old attachments, the foe's allies.
With the lords of Spain, and the royal Bulgar,
With the kings of Islam (but not the vulgar)
While treating with well-rewarded patience
The prince that follows, the Shah that flies.

SAGITTARIUS

HUMAN PLANNING

IF Mass-Observation has achieved anything in five years of hard work, it is that we have analysed and documented the marked shrinkage in citizen interest at the mass level. The degree of community feeling in the massive urban populations is much lower than has been supposed. All sorts of long-term ideas have tended to decline. The emphasis has been personal rather than social, the immediate gain rather than the general good, a football-pool, jazz and astrological solution to life's complexities. Vast technical and material advances have proceeded at random, without corresponding readjustments in the social and psychological processes of society. Mr. Richard Titmuss recently suggested in this journal that this war could be seen as " a climax in the upward development of man towards co-operation." It could also be seen as a climax in inadequate human co-operation.

In a country where the Universities have done little to study the actual facts of social behaviour and purpose, there has been all too little analysis of this situation. Now, at a most opportune moment, Mr. Seebohm Rowntree's second survey of York,* gives an exact, tremendous picture of pre-war working life. He shows how, despite very serious gaps and setbacks, there has on the whole been a high degree of material progress since his previous survey in 1900. At the same time, he shows that on the immaterial side, progress has not been so great. His analysis of home life in York shows that the good citizen who wants to raise a family does so at the peril of poverty. Noticeable also is the neglect of youths over school age ; the loneliness of the aged ; the decline of spiritual influence and the lack of adequate propaganda and support for " socially useful " interests to compete against the enormous increase of purely commercial,

**Poverty and Progress.* Longmans. 15s.

temporary, personal and passive forms of mental recreation and leisure. In his final paragraphs, Rowntree sums up :

> The survey we have made of the ways in which people spend their leisure reminds us how much greater to-day than in the past is the temptation to seek fullness of life by indulging too largely in forms of recreation which make no demands on physical, mental or spiritual powers.
>
> To raise the material standard of those in poverty may be difficult, but to raise the mental and spiritual life of the whole nation to a markedly higher level will be an infinitely harder task, yet on its accomplishment depends the lasting greatness of the State.
>
> Everywhere democracy is challenged. A totalitarian State does not demand high intellectual or spiritual standards from its people ; on the contrary it can only function successfully when they cease to think for themselves and are willing to obey the command to worship false gods. But a democratic State can only flourish if the level of intelligence of the community is high and its spiritual life dynamic.

But nowhere, in the five hundred pages of this great work, does Rowntree sufficiently analyse the *reasons* why in the midst of so much material progress and increased prosperity the birth-rate (for instance) is halved. After forty years economic and material advance, the very survival of the community is threatened through inadequate childbirth. A third of York's working population are living in houses better than any which existed at all at the beginning of the century. In 1900, only 12 per cent. of the working-class population were living in comfortable and sanitary houses. Baths were then practically unknown, whereas now a third of working-class homes have baths. Back-to-back houses, of which there were more than a thousand in 1900, have almost disappeared. The number of midden privies has been reduced from 6,418 to 32. Most of the slums have been abolished, and replaced by larger houses in wide streets with fresh air and gardens. Yet there is little in Mr. Rowntree's work to suggest that families are very much happier in consequence, and there is plenty to suggest that many are less citizen-conscious, less socially and spiritually satisfied than they were in 1900.

No one can dispute that the aims for which people strive ; the idea they have of the world in which they live and into which they will bring children ; how they *want* to use their money ; these are big factors in determining the pattern of their society. This elementary, indisputable point is still inadequately appreciated, and in some respects is wholly ignored in Britain. Nearly every thinking person now admits that there was something badly wrong with our pre-war world. It is increasingly agreed that the fault was not merely " material " ; souls as well as slums, minds as well as money, were involved. Rowntree adds weight to that view. But this realisation has not been, so far, implemented in terms of social research and future planning. The lessons of pre-war selfishness and short-sightedness are complex and painful ; it is easy and natural to try not to think about them, and to say that we will make it all right by being different in the future.

A large and increasing number of people are now becoming concerned with this future. There is Mr. Arthur Greenwood's Reconstruction Committee ; Lord Reith's Consultative Panel at the Ministry of Works ; P.E.P. ; M.A.R.S. ; the 1940 Council ; the Nuffield College Survey, the Reconstruction Committee of the R.I.B.A. ; committees under Sir William Beveridge and Sir Frederick Leith-Ross ; each of the political parties now has a Reconstruction Survey and there are a number of regional reconstruction organisations. In an era of unprecedented planning for a better Britain, on what are the plans based ?

We can get a fair answer from a recent special number of the *Architectural Review* which is excellent on the material side but which suffers as planning so often does from the detached view of the superior technician who wants a tidy and aesthetically pleasing scheme and has seldom asked basic questions about the desires of the people for whom he plans. Planners are here divided into " social planners " and " technical planners." That sounds encouraging until we find that a social planner is defined as one who " might also be called the territorial planner, for his raw material is *simply the land*." But this surely is not the social planner's job ; his raw material is simply the man, the woman, the child, and the relationships between all of these in the whole community. The *Architectural Review* then lists questions " uppermost in the public mind." My results suggest that people are asking quite different questions. In an introductory section the *Architectural Review* says :

> The experts and the public cannot, of course, work quite independently....

The operative word in this wistful sentence is " quite." It is clear after reading this important and authoritative issue of the *Architectural Review*, that many planners are projecting into the public mind their own questions and interests, which are about the land, building materials, building politics, places and sizes and sequences.

The result of studying much contemporary planning literature is to convince me that many planners have got themselves almost into a private world, from which they have unconsciously excluded much evidence about the only thing with which they are really concerned, the common *human* need.

What, then, are some of these human needs which are being ignored ? First and foremost I should say that fundamental research now requires to be made into exactly what sort of communities make people happy, and which sort of homes people do want ; into the degrees of satisfaction, both private and communal, which they get from the different sorts of planned community which have already been built by architects and others. The argument between flats and garden cities rages, but without either side producing proper evidence. The evidence could easily be obtained. Of street dwellers in three London boroughs only one per cent. say that they want to live in flats, while three-quarters of Stepney flat-dwellers studied (before the blitz) wanted to live in a small house. People want privacy and exclusion of their neighbours, noises, *e.g.* radio. But in Kensal House where Miss Denby has taken such considerations into account we found that flats can afford a very high rate of satisfaction. Investigation on a national scale are needed ; these mass observation results are merely tentative and local.

There are many other social and psychological problems of post-war need, which, if ignored, not only are likely to make ordinary people less happy rather than more, but are likely also to upset and overthrow the planners themselves. One of the most striking is the feeling among a considerable section of the community that after the war they want to live in the country. This, the effect of raids and evacuation and the loneliness of town life to-day, appears to be developing especially strongly among women. Men, especially men in the Army, are increasingly talking of changing their whole way of life after the war. An A.R.P. warden in North London remarked :

> The suffering and death I have seen have entirely altered my values. I shall never want to go back to my old life of security and comfort, thinking only of having a safe job and enjoying myself by going to dances. I have lost all ideas of that kind. I may be a monk or a tramp. This is my mood at the moment and I think if the war goes on long it will be intensified.

A private in the Army Pay Corps :

> I anticipate that I shall remain in the Army some good while after the end of the war, and then I could if I wished almost certainly return to the firm I left at the beginning of the war. But I am not sure that I want to. I am not sure that I want to live in London again. My idea at the moment is to have a home in the country, and a job in the country town, travelling to and fro each day.

A Second Lieutenant :

> A number of men with office jobs have told me they will never go back to them after living an open-air life in the Army. But only one has said what he would do instead. He was going road building as a labourer.

Plenty of young men, including many in reserved occupations, are turning their minds increasingly towards getting out of Britain, particularly to America as a good place to be in. For instance :

> If I had my way, I'd go to America after the war. I think there'll be far more opportunity over there for men like me. I don't think England's going to be much fun.
>
> I have one definite ambition. I don't know where I'll get the money from but I want to go to America. If I can't get a visa I suppose I'll just get what work I can—we'll all be surplus, looking about for jobs and we'll have to take what we can get.

Behind *everything*, there is a very strong pessimism about the post-war economic and security set-up, which is colouring peoples' attitudes to all plans, personal and national. There is, at present, not nearly enough *confidence* in post-war potentialities and two-thirds of a recent sample inquiry expected very extensive unemployment. Working-class people expected this more than the better-to-do. Very little has been done so far to meet this important and developing public mood.

These are just a few points. There are many others, as important as the problems of bricks and baths and locations of factories, which are now receiving the most detailed consideration. The war provides a magnificent opportunity for building a better Britain afterwards. But, as long and bitter experience has shown, it is not enough to make ideal plans *from above*. No plan is going to work—unless there is a dictatorship which compulsorily enforces it—if it is not firmly based on these needs. The planner must of course be a leader. He must mould and educate needs, iron out illogical resistances. But to do this he must know what is in the public mind. It may *look* like progress to have better roads and towns and tenements ; but Hitler has built those, too. The function of planned progress is to make you a happier and more effective person, more glad-to-be-alive in the place where you are alive. Rowntree's great research has underlined this. Let us make sure that this time we remember minds as well as bodies, babies as well as baths, hopes and fears and beers as well as taps and switches and pedestrian crossings.

TOM HARRISSON

SHOP STEWARDS AND PRODUCTION

(From a Correspondent)

"THERE is not an engineer in this room who cannot go into his factory to-morrow morning and point out how greater efficiency could be achieved." It was a London shop steward speaking. The "engineers in this room" were 225 key men in the greatest conglomeration of armament factories in the world—Greater London. They were all shop stewards. They represented 101 factories in the area. The factories employ more than 175,000 men and women. The 225 delegates had been called together by the Engineering and Allied Trades Shop Stewards' National Council. It was the first all-London "Production Conference." It was the first time in the history of British industry that the "men on the job" had organised a conference whose terms of reference were: to find ways and means of increasing production, to work out practical (accent on the practical) ways of eliminating the waste, inefficiency and corruption in the war factories, which everyone has heard startling stories about, and the "men on the job" see with their own eyes. That was 23rd August.

The leading shop steward from Napier's aircraft factory said: "This conference has historic importance. It will start something that will surprise employers and Government, and raise hopes in the hearts of the working class." The following day the *Financial News*, of all papers, recognised this as one of the most important new developments in the war factories since the outbreak of war, and devoted half its front page to the "new spirit" in British industry. It was, of course, a spirit which represented a marked change in the outlook and direction of the shop stewards after June 22nd, and especially after the announcement of the Anglo-Soviet Alliance. The results of "Tanks for Russia" week are a sufficient illustration. The *Financial News* drew attention to the fact that this "new spirit" is strongest where trades unionism is strongest. It begged the Government to pay due attention to the demands and suggestions of the shop stewards. A little while later, Sir Herbert Williams, M.P., on behalf of the Select Committee on National Expenditure, wrote to the Engineering and Allied Trades Shop Stewards' National Council asking for information on the question of "What is holding up production?"

And, indeed, this meeting of 23rd August was one of the biggest opening developments in a movement which is not only unprecedented in British industrial history, but has to be classed as one of the vital factors in the total war situation. The shop stewards' movement, of course, has a long and honourable history. The Engineering and Allied Trades Shop Stewards' National Council has more than six years of important work behind it. And it has never tackled so big a job as it is helping the workers, the T.U.C. and the Government to tackle to-day. It is not an exaggeration to say that on its efforts and those of all the organised trade unionists who are trying to find the way towards an enormous increase in production and efficiency may hang the question of defeat or victory. The T.U.C. at Edinburgh recognised the fact and itself inaugurated a production campaign.

There are people who, confronted with the vastness of the problem, the scandalous, lucrative hugger-mugger of the armament industry, the incompetence or profiteering and sabotage of certain big employers, the consequent deep, defensive bitterness of working men, conclude that the task is pretty hopeless. They conclude that the huge resources of Britain will never extricate themselves from the prehensile tendrils of our system that strangles them; that the arms for the vital second front will never be produced; that in the long run the incompetents and the crooks will lead us the way they led France, where "militant" workers in the arms factories were not only threatened with the sack (as they often still are in Britain), but actually jailed.

Certainly the picture is black enough. At the August 23rd Conference I have mentioned, the representative of one big arms factory displayed on the platform in one hand a small model airplane, in the other a knitted baby's boot. They had been made by a man and a woman in his factory. They had been made in "waiting time." And the people who made them had sent them specially to this Conference as a protest against the fact that in this particular factory the skill and energy of the working people and the money of the nation were being wasted hour by hour—so that skilled men and women who had come there to make real weapons of war had to spend their time knitting, and making little "models." That story could be told in different forms, and with equally grim truth, about hundreds—literally hundreds of factories. I have in front of me incontrovertible evidence of the fact that one firm which is supposed to be working on weapons of war is in reality using part of its machine-power and its man-power to turn out totalisator machines for the race-tracks. At a great Vickers works, after hearing a call to "go to it," the workers were astounded to read notices informing them that Sunday work was to be put an end to. This despite the fact that the Select Committee on National Expenditure has itself recommended that factories should work seven days a week, arranging things so that the workers do six days; not, you would think, an impossible arrangement for intelligent men to devise. I have before me the details of another case where a certain firm has got rid of something like two million pounds and in two years produced rather less than one dozen pairs of airplane wings. And so on. And so on. And so on. As the *Financial News* (to quote it once again) cheerfully remarked some time ago, while "patriotism, the peerage and the penitentiary" may all play their parts, profits are what count in making the great firms get on with their great job.

As witness this conference of the National Council of the Shop Stewards in the Engineering and Allied Trades. As witness also the informative pages of the National Council's newspaper—the *New Propellor*. I quote from its front page:—

> Merseyside shop stewards have met, called together by the Shop Stewards' Committee of a large aircraft works. Forty-eight factories in which 35,598 workers are employed were represented by 184 delegates. . . . A national conference of youth has been called by the Engineering and Allied Trades National Youth Committee to discuss the main problem of the day. . . On the same day the London women shop stewards and representatives will meet to discuss similar problems. . . . The Manchester People's Convention Engineers' Committee held a well-attended meeting. . . . In the Feltham area 10,000 workers were represented by 32 delegates in an area conference."

Parallel with this, the People's Convention National Committee had organised two meetings (one at Caxton Hall and one at the House of Commons), where shop stewards were able to talk directly to M.P.s of all parties, and to provide them with facts and figures about production and production needs.

All this is leading up to a national production conference, which has been called by the Shop Stewards' National Council for October 19th. They have taken the Stoll Theatre for it. At this, representatives of the key men in the whole of Britain's armament industry will carry forward the discussions and decisions of the area conferences, and will work out a report on immediate proposals which will be presented to the Select Committee on National Expenditure (and will include some special evidence on the working of the present "cost plus 10 per cent." contracting system, which even the *Times* recently described as "an economic iniquity.") It is not too much to say that this conference will be at the very least as important for the course of this war as an important meeting of the War Cabinet. Anyone who considers this an exaggeration or a "manner of speaking" does not know what the shop stewards are about, or what the problem is that has to be tackled.

In the meantime there has been the big national conference of trade unions under the chairmanship of the President of the National Union of Railwaymen, organised by the Labour Research Department on the question, "What is holding up production?" And the Executive of the A.E.U. is organising a national inquiry on the same subject.

To a very large extent indeed the problems of inefficient production are, of course, "local," "special" problems. If you look through the reports of shop stewards you can see case upon case in which they are demanding some quite "special" "local" adjustment—by the management or the workers, or both sides together—which could raise production by a very respectable percentage. And these, of course, are, *par excellence*, problems which can and must be tackled by the shop stewards—who in turn can only tackle them effectively if they have effective say in the working of the jobs which they, better than anyone, understand. (It does not seem an accidental coincidence that within the last few weeks an extraordinary number of those who have led the fight for better production—involving "interference" by shop stewards with "managerial functions," have been threatened with dismissal or transfer by some of the more reactionary managements.)

There are, however, a number of more general points and demands. They concern alike inefficient and reactionary or old-fashioned managements, and inefficient or old-fashioned workers. They include the question of the cost plus 10 per cent. system and the parallel system of sub-contracting, a veritable fountain-head of corruption and waste as at present organised. They include general questions regarding the position and powers of the shop stewards. They include general questions of Sunday working, the maintenance of piece-work times, and enormous concessions by the organised working people in relation to old craft practices.

To sum it up, I may once again quote the *New Propellor*, which, after listing a number of practical proposals, concludes: "Where a man has got a job to do, it has got to be done; and if he cannot do it, he has got to be kicked out."

EIRE AND ULSTER?

[On September 13th we published an article called *Ireland To-day* by Frank Pakenham, who presented a Southern Irish point of view. The following article gives an Ulster point of view and gains particular interest from the fact that the author is a well-known New Zealander.]

FATE decreed that Ireland was to be the first Mother Country that I should know. I was born at the farther end of the Empire's longest ocean road. After serving through part of the South African war with New Zealand Mounted Rifles, I saw the end of the campaign with British cavalry, and then came "Home" for the first time with my regiment, some thirty-seven years ago, from the Orange River Colony to County Cork. Headquarters and two squadrons were stationed in Ballincollig; one squadron was detached for service in Belfast.

I spent three of the happiest years of my life in what was, and still is, generally known by the geographical expression "Ireland." As adjutant of my regiment my duties took me from Ballincollig to Belfast, and I covered most of the Irish geographical entity on manoeuvres and tactical exercises, varied by hunting, shooting and fishing. I had, and have still, a strong affection for the "Irish" people, for I had known many of them, and their sons and daughters, in my native land, and I was glad to feel "at home" among these kinsfolk of my countrymen and to know that they liked me.

There is a strong Irish strain in the blood of present-day New Zealand; more pronounced in the north of the Dominion than in the south. The stream of Irish immigrants to the new country in the 'sixties of last century was drawn largely from the malcontents of the Homeland. It was unorganised migration, and there is consequently no characteristically Irish province, such as the Scots province of Otago or the English provinces of Canterbury and Taranaki. The Irish were fused in the mass of the population and appeared as a living force, not as a community but as individuals—statesmen, orators, lawyers and leaders in settlement, mining and other forms of development.

The New Zealander of my youth thought of one Ireland. It came as a rude shock to me to discover that there were in very truth *two* Irelands.

As adjutant of my regiment, seeking permission to use for training purposes ill-cared-for and unproductive land, I was repeatedly met by vehement refusal—"No wearer of the King's uniform shall come on to my land but over my body." In Northern Ireland I never knew the wearer of the King's uniform to be other than heartily welcomed—even by Belfast rioters—after the riot had been quelled!

Ulster, indeed, appeared to me to be a sort of counterpart of my native land. With its population of probably about one-third of indigenous Irish blood, and the bulk of the remaining two-thirds of Scottish ancestry, and a small element composed of descendants of Huguenot fugitives of the seventeenth century, it seemed to me not unlike a New Zealand of Maoris, Britons and Irish, and Scandinavians.

I fortunately saw nothing of Ireland during "the trouble." I have seen nothing of Southern Ireland—of Eire—since. But in the years before and since the outbreak of the present war I have seen and known Ulster. And the most striking characteristic of Ulster to-day is her spirit of active loyalty to Crown and Empire.

Like the Equator, "the Border" that separates Eire from Ulster is an imaginary line. But it symbolises a reality that cannot be escaped or ignored. It runs, I have been told, through the middle of small towns, and passes, ghost-like, through farmhouses. So that a man may sleep with his head in "the North" and his feet in "the South." These little vagaries cannot be thought of as just instances of characteristic lighthearted Irish humour, for it is a grim and undeniable fact that the border is a line of demarcation between two conflicting ideologies, two dissimilar "ways of life," two utterly irreconcilable loyalties. And the bitterness of it all is illustrated by a simple experience of my own.

In Britain's most critical days, when her garrison included a New Zealand force composed of Pakeha and Maori, I happened upon two of my khaki-clad countrymen at a railway station. After an exchange of greetings in Maori I asked one of them where he was going. He replied "To Glasgow, where my mother came from." I then asked his companion where he was going and he told me that he was accompanying his friend. I inquired if his people, too, came from Glasgow. He answered, "No, my people come from Carlow." To the question why he was not going to spend his leave there, he replied with vigour, "The King's uniform has been good enough to come thousands of miles in. I'm hanged if I'm going to change into plain clothes just to go among a lot of slinking neutrals."

Here indeed is the very pith of the problem: What is to be the future, not of Ulster, but of Eire—one of the few remaining small European neutrals?

The situation to-day, as I see it, is this. Having negotiated a financial settlement with Great Britain for a modest ten millions, having also secured the Eire ports formerly in British hands, Mr. De Valera continues to insist that there can never be friendship between Eire and Britain until Northern Ireland is handed over too. No direct demand for the union of North and South has been sent from Dublin to Belfast. No attempt has been made to open inter-Governmental discussions. There have been exchanges of long-distance fire on the oratorical front, but that is all. Eire's political leaders have inclined more and more in the last few years to a different tactical plan. It is in the nature of a flank attack in which British aid is being sought. The British Government, it is argued, is the real obstacle to the union of North and South—not the Northern Unionist majority; therefore it is the duty of British Ministers to force the issue. How? In two ways—by financial pressure on Northern Ireland and by the withdrawal of "British bayonets" from the Six Counties. The views of the majority of the Northern people, apparently, are to be disregarded—hardly a fitting procedure for Britain or Eire, which both pride themselves on their democratic ideals.

"British bayonets." I heard the words from the lips of ardent Republicans fleeing from London to Dublin on the outbreak of war. The phrase keeps popping up to-day in controversial articles in the papers. It illustrates the Irish fondness for picturesque dramatisation. There *are* British bayonets in Northern Ireland (if the Censor will allow me to say so), but for whom is the glittering steel intended? Not for "Paddy" but for "Fritz"—and "Paddy" will be glad of the protection if "Fritz" and the Hun tribe to which he belongs ever invade the soil of Eire. And when the war is over and won those bayonets will still be there, not to attack Southern Ireland, not to overawe politicians or intimidate electors, but to defend an integral part of the British Commonwealth and its peoples against any foe who may menace their peace and security.

The war will be won without Eire's help. The Battle of the Atlantic would be a less formidable problem for the British Commonwealth if this "quasi-Dominion" had not denied the Navy the use of the Treaty ports. There are people in Eire who will tell you that Britain is ready to seize the ports and airfields in that country. In which event, they say, Eire will fight Britain—and then tackle the Germans, if necessary. Frankly, I am not impressed by the story or by the bravado. I merely mention it as a sidelight on a certain type of mentality across the Irish Sea. If it be true, as I am told, that the people of Eire want Britain—the British Commonwealth—to win, it is strange that they do not tell their Government to lend a helping hand. To desire a British victory, not for Britain's sake or for the sake of civilisation, but in the hope of snatching a territorial advantage after the war, seems to me ignoble, "un-Irish," and unsportsmanlike.

And let there be no mistake; neutral Eire will gain no territory as a result of her abstention from this war. Ulster is an integral part of the United Kingdom, and those Dominions by whose side she is fighting will see to it that there shall be no change in her status that is not decreed by her own people.

The plain fact is, indeed, that it is not the future of Ulster, but that of Eire that is at stake. Eire, mainly owing to the intransigent leadership of Mr. De Valera, has shown herself incapable of teamwork with those member states of the British Commonwealth within whose borders live vastly more men and women of Irish blood than are to be found in Eire herself to-day. Many thousands of the sons of these men and women have left Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa to fight for freedom—the freedom of peoples to shape their own destiny.

For the terrible rift that separates Eire not only from Ulster but from the Irish communities overseas Mr. De Valera more than any other living man is responsible. It is for the people of Eire alone to say whether they will continue to follow him.

E. ff. W. LASCELLES (Lt.-Col.)

WHY SHOULD I?

A QUESTION sent in to the B.B.C. by a schoolboy of eleven was discussed by the Brains Trust on Sunday. It was: "Why should I have to learn history? What use is it?" One knows the mood of revolt out of which the question was born. Out of the same mood come such questions as: "Why should I have to learn mathematics?" "Why should I have to go to school at all?" "Why should I have to go to church?" Children in strict homes have been known even to ask "Why should I have to drink milk?" "Why should I have to eat porridge?" "Why should I have to eat fat?" There is no satisfactory answer to any of these questions—no answer, at least, that will satisfy a rebellious child. It is no use telling the child that the hated thing will do it good. The healthy, self-willed child does not want to be done good: it wants to enjoy itself instead of being plied with an unappetising mental and physical dietary.

If I were asked by a schoolboy to give him a good reason why he should learn history, I think I should burke the question and quote to him Gibbon's famous (and wicked) statement that history is "little more than the register of the crimes, follies, and misfortunes of mankind." "What penny dreadful," I should ask him, "could be more interesting than that? Surely," I should continue, "a record of the crimes, follies and misfortunes of mankind must be even more enjoyable than *Treasure Island*, for in *Treasure Island* you get only one Long John Silver as a character whereas in history there is a Long John Silver round the corner of every page. If you like reading about pirates and bandits and such characters, leave boys' stories alone: you will find more red-blooded stuff in the history books." And it may be that, if histories were published in sensational coloured covers reeking of villainy like the old-fashioned penny dreadfuls, history would become a popular study in the schools.

At the same time, if I used this argument, I should do so casuistically and not because I believed it. Little though I know of history, I know enough of it to be able to deny that it is mainly the register of the crimes, follies and misfortunes of mankind. When I look back on my earliest acquaintance with history, it seems to me to be full of rather nice people. No one could have called Canute a criminal as he said, "Thus far and no further," to the incoming tide at Westminster. Alfred, as he left the cakes to burn, showed himself to be only human, not a monster of iniquity. Then there was a good man called Thomas à Becket, for whose murder a king did penance in a white shirt. There was also a charming musician called Blondel who played outside the castle in which Richard Coeur de Lion was imprisoned. There were few ages, indeed, in which nice men did not flourish. There was not much to be said for King John, and there was still less to be said for Richard III. There is a modern school of biographers, however, which holds that even

King John and Richard III were nice people. I could believe this more easily than I can believe Gibbon.

The supremacy of nice people is, I think, conspicuous in the histories of all countries. Probably the earliest history that the ordinary nineteenth-century child knew was the history of the Hebrews as recorded in the Bible, and most of us undoubtedly regarded the leading Biblical characters as nice. Pharaoh's daughter was nice when she saved the infant Moses in the ark of bulrushes. Moses was a nice man—so nice that we counted his assassination of the Egyptian as little more than a peccadillo. Noah was a nice man who built an ark for the delight of all children through succeeding centuries. Abraham was nice even when from a sense of duty he got ready to sacrifice Isaac, and who could blame him when he told the lie about Sarah? Jacob was not quite nice when he stole his father's blessing, but Joseph was particularly nice in his forgiveness of the brethren and in his devotion to Benjamin. David, again—how charming he was as he went out to fight Goliath with a handful of pebbles, and, though his later conduct was not always such as a child could approve of in those prim times, he stole back into the heart with his grief over the death of Absalom. And Absalom himself seemed rather nice—beautiful, bold and bad—"a brilliant blackguard," as I once heard a Presbyterian minister calling him in a sermon.

To Gibbon, possibly, the Old Testament seemed a mere register of crimes, follies and misfortunes, and it certainly contains as frank an account of the crimes, follies and misfortunes of men as any book ever written. It is no record of what in these days are called plaster saints. If any of our neighbours had behaved as some of the best men in the Old Testament behaved, he would not have been considered fit to teach in a Sunday-school. Yet for all this the effect of reading the Old Testament is not to make men despair of human nature but to make them think more highly of it with all its weaknesses.

Greek history and Roman history have much the same effect on most of their young and innocent readers. Who could read Greek history without conceiving an unreasonable devotion to Epaminonidas and even to Hermadius and Aristogeiton? Socrates and Pericles were men so great that modern men seem demi-wicked in comparison with them. Marathon is a name perpetually rich in virtue. The Greeks seemed to be extraordinarily fond of fighting for fighting's sake; but at the same time they produced an extraordinary number of nice people. The Romans were not quite so nice, and most of us took the side of the Carthaginians against them. We made the mistake, indeed, of thinking Hannibal nice. Now I suspect Hannibal of having been no nicer than King John or Richard III.

I write all this, not as one who ever studied history, but as one who heard scraps of it many years ago in the class-room. I must have done some homework on it occasionally, for there was a time when I knew the dates of the reigns of all the kings and queens of England and the names of the kings' wives. But on the whole I knew very little of history except a few picturesque stories. The execution of King Charles I interested me, but not things called Petitions of Rights and Pragmatic Sanctions. The Gunpowder Plot was good, but how dull was the Constitution of 1688, if that is the right date! The American War of Independence was memorable because a number of men had thrown tea into a harbour and because the leader of the revolt was a man who at one's own age had cut down a cherry-tree and, to the surprise of everybody who has lived since, had told the truth about this to his father. I, for one, thought of young George Washington as nice, and, if there had been a cherry-tree in the back garden and I had cut it down, I should have been strongly tempted to tell the truth about it to my father.

Whether a smattering of history such as this—a few picturesque legends and unpicturesque dates—is of any "use" to a child is a matter open to argument. I am inclined to think, however, that it is both useful and enjoyable. Morally useful? I do not know. All the morals are there to read as clearly as if Æsop had written them. But we ordinary people do not heed them. Hannibal is reborn into new centuries, with the same lust of conquest leading to the same ruin. It is as though we read history, not to discover truth about human nature, but to confirm our own political prejudices. The Nazi, reading Roman history, decides that England is the modern Carthage and that therefore England must fall. My own impression is that the English are the modern Romans and that Hitler resembles Hannibal in more respects than in the fact that both their names begin with an H.

History, however, though, owing to the variety of ways in which it can be interpreted, it may seem to be of little use in politics may, I fancy, if rightly interpreted, perform a considerable service in shaping the future of mankind. It may throw light on the wise treatment of a defeated enemy, on the necessity of making freedom an advance to more freedom, on the need for a balance between freedom and order, on the folly of majorities treating minorities badly and on the folly of minorities in not doing more to persuade the majorities to treat them well. I do not know, but I suspect that after the war the world could be saved by politics based on a sound interpretation of history.

Apart from the immediate use of history, however, knowledge of history has other advantages. History has been described as the memory of mankind, and what a disaster loss of memory seems in the individual sphere! May it not also be disastrous to be dispossessed of national memory or the memory of the achievements of the human race? It seems to me that, if we in the south of Ireland had not been all but cut off from the memories in which our hills and plains and waters are infinitely rich, we should by now have been part of an undivided Ireland and all the closer to Great Britain on that account. In any case, we should have enjoyed more imaginatively our life in the province of the O'Neills and O'Donnells and the eighteenth-century Volunteers. . . .

But would all these arguments convince a schoolboy plodding through the list of the Duke of Marlborough's victories? I doubt it. I am sure they would not have convinced me at the age of eleven, when, after a disgusted look at Collier's *History of England*, I pushed it back into my satchel, and hurried out to take part in a game of Wild Boar. Y. Y.

COUNTRY NOTES

I WAS interested by Critic's recent report of his conversation with a farmer friend about the increase in pheasants and wood-pigeons. My experience has not been at all the same. Critic's friend complained that there was no one left to do any poaching; well, no one would wish to say a word against the Home Guard, but the fact remains that the Home Guard is composed of all sorts of local characters and is authorised to wander on its lawful patrols through familiar woods and fields throughout the night. . . . *A bon entendeur, salut.*

Then, again, Critic's friend complains that the keeper doesn't like the sound of a gun because it disturbs the young pheasants, but I wonder how many estates still retain a keeper? I believe that it is now and rightly very difficult to keep a keeper of military age. You have to plead that he has been employed for three years as a whole-time gamekeeper and rabbit-catcher; that he is now employed whole time as a vermin-destroyer; and that his employment is essential in the interests of food production.

This, at least, is a ruling recently given in Scotland, and I imagine that the same principles would apply in England also.

The dearth of keepers, moreover, has surely encouraged the activities of that pseudo-gipsy tribe which travels with lurchers and whippets, and which without committing any actual trespass can jerk a dog into the wood, to emerge a few hundred yards farther down the road with a rabbit in its mouth. We call these vagabonds pikeys in Kent; I don't know if the word has a general application all over the country; pikers is given in the Oxford Dictionary; they are travelling tinkers really, caravan-dwellers during the good months, but apt to move into lodgings for the winter, leaving their caravans parked on a bit of waste ground. Keepers and landowners don't encourage them, but as harvest hands they have been useful this year, strong, steady workers. I should imagine however, that the shortage of pheasants and rabbits is partly due to the absence of control over preserved woods: authority has not been there as it was in the past, and lawlessness has taken its rapscallion way.

October 1st

This used to be a great date in the sporting world, the final date in a series which began with the nets coming off the salmon rivers, and included August 12th and September 1st. Pheasants seem to have an extraordinary sense which tells them that October 1st marks the beginning of their slaughter. Before October 1st they are so languid about getting out of the way that one could shoot them on the ground from the window of a motor car, if so minded; and it has happened to me inadvertently to kill a fine cock-bird which rose too late and struck against my windscreen. We take pheasants so much for granted as one of our native birds that we quite forget to remember that he is not native at all. Britain gave Rome the oyster, but Rome gave Britain the pheasant. He came from the river Phasis in Colchis, and had no rival here between pre-Conquest days and the eighteenth century when a Chinese ring-neck with a white collar and brassy-gold breast was introduced, and later still in Victorian days the Japanese pheasant, *versicolor*, green as verdigris in the breast plumage. All these species have now got muddled up, to compose the remarkable and romantic bird we recognise as our ordinary pheasant. The true Colchic race is said to exist still in Western Scotland and in Wales, in a pure strain, where it is known as "the old black pheasant." It is said also that the island of Corsica, where so many plants grow that grow nowhere else, is a native home of the pheasant. I doubt this. It seems more probable that the Romans took their Colchic bird to Corsica, even as they brought it to Britain.

In spite of the farmer's prejudice, England would be the poorer for the disappearance of this most decorative alien. He seems inseparable from the brown ploughlands, the changing woods, the blackberries and mists of autumn. One can almost forgive the keeper of whom it is recorded that he destroyed the nightingales, lest by their song they should keep the young pheasants awake.

Tale of a Pikey

A day or two ago I was told that a gentleman wanted to see me. He was a brown young man with a red handkerchief round his neck, and although he had no collar for himself he wanted one for his pony. Would I sell him one? I said regretfully that it would break up the set of complete harness and render it useless if I ever got a pony again. I thought I had got rid of him by that, but he looked so wistful that

I again expressed regret. "I don't want to push you," he said, "but my pony is getting rubbed by her collar that doesn't fit. And I can't bear to see that."

In the end I said I would lend him the collar on the understanding that he would return it as soon as he had obtained another one. He seemed grateful and assured me that I could count on him. I wonder. As we parted, I asked his name. He gave me a really charming smile. "'Mr.' Scamp," he said.

V. SACKVILLE-WEST

A HAPPY INVASION

THE *New York Times* not long ago emphasised the extent to which American Democracy is realising and using the knowledge, experience, and, perhaps, genius which is now assembled from smashed and burgled homes in Central Europe. The *New York Times* called this opportunity to enrich the life of the United States by offering friendship and hospitality to the expatriated, "A Happy Invasion."

There are two lines on which we see those European exiles working in the U.S.A. In some cases they follow their own course and have their own organisations and institutions, although closely linked with those of America. In other instances they are working in American institutions and in American surroundings. In both directions great things have been achieved and both have proved successful as far as scientific and artistic results are concerned. The position of both the independent institutions of the refugees and of those refugees employed in American organisations has been strengthened by the recent open drive of the American authorities against such Nazi agencies as the *Amerikanischer Bund*. But the exiles had to suffer not only from the open or indirect hostility of Nazis on American soil, but also from the suspicions of the less enlightened portion of the American public, who often found it difficult to appreciate the fundamental antagonism between peoples and men coming originally from the same country. Now all is changed. For most of the American people—for millions to whom freedom means everything—the issue is clear.

Of the American organisations dealing in refugee activities one of the most famous is the New School of Social Research, in New York, attached to the Columbia University. Its board has men of the standing of Kurt Riezler, Hans Staudinger, Frieda Wunderlich—leading Professors of German Universities who were expelled from Nazi Germany some years before the war—Austrians like the former Mayor of Vienna; the former Rector (Vice-Chancellor) of the University of Madrid, Fernando de los Rios, and others. They publish their own "quarterly," entitled *Social Research*, recognised by sociologists and politicians alike. Of the artistic organisations of the exiles two may be mentioned, viz., Max Reinhardt's own studio in Hollywood, where the great producer trains young actors and occasionally produces plays in his own inimitable style; and the "Theater of German Freemen" in New York, where some of the most famous actors of the Continent, like Ernst Deutsch, are appearing. This comparatively small undertaking has won wider recognition through its radio transmissions of short plays or scenes from liberal plays in the German language, such as the famous Posa-Scene from Schiller's *Don Carlos*, which has been banned in Germany, or Franz Werfel's *Farewell to Vienna*. Radio-transmissions which are strongly anti-Nazi and pro-Democratic have constituted an integral part of the fight against the Nazis in the U.S.A. In addition, there are regular publications, notably that great organ of Social Democracy in the United States, the *New Yorker Volkszeitung*, the editor of which is Gerhard Seeger, for a long time a captive in Nazi concentration camps.

Many of these exiles have taken up positions in American educational institutions. Thomas Mann, the author, is a lecturer of Princeton University, where Albert Einstein and others have been appointed to chairs. Other universities have accepted refugees as lecturers and research workers. Harvard University has initiated a competition for manuscripts about life in Nazi Germany, thus giving exiles an opportunity to describe for the academic reader in the U.S.A. the moral decline of Germany under the Nazis and the evil of the present regime. A big volume is being prepared containing the more important contributions from among the 250 manuscripts which have been handed in.

In the arts the refugees have tried to give worthy service to civilisation, and many tributes have been paid to their achievements. Bruno Walter and other conductors have often appeared upon the platform of New York and other American cities. Musicians like the cellist, Feuermann, the violinist Hubermann, or those great singers, Elizabeth Schumann and Lotte Lehmann, are now living and working in America. Of other artists the British public has seen something for themselves, i.e., of their work in American studios. Peter Lorre and Paul Muni, Louise Rainer and Conrad Veidt are amongst those "stars" who have won fame in American films. But even less well known actors, such as Bressart, have succeeded in impressing their style upon certain films. Who will ever forget Bressart's "people's commissar" in *Ninotschka*, his cunning, sly, frightened father in *Comrade X*? Among the exiled authors are some of the greatest Central Europe has produced for many a day, notably Leonard Frank, and Bruno Frank, Franz Werfel and Carl Zuckmayer, and, above all, Thomas Mann. Most of these have found their way both to the American stage and to the American film, and their work is appreciated as an enrichment of American life. The important thing, however, is that all these interconnections and the mutual give and take between the American people and these newcomers are not based merely upon sentiment. They constitute a "policy" which, in the words of Roger N. Baldwin, the Director of the American Civil Liberties Union, "is fixed for all time in the inscription on the Statue of Liberty."

AN AMERICAN CORRESPONDENT

THE MOVIES

"Tight Shoes," at the London Pavilion.
"Man Hunt," at the Odeon.
"Parachute Battalion," at Leicester Square.
"This Man Reuter," at Warner's.

I was never a demon for the Runyon stories when they came out, but every time I see a film with Runyon's name on it I am reminded how much I missed. *Tight Shoes* is no exception; it has—as one of its characters might say—a shape. It has style. It flowers, like an overblown azalea. Pick any sprig of situation or speech from it and there's no mistaking where it has come from. "You wouldn't strike me?" says the moll. "No," replies the Boss, "I never raise my hand except in business." He's soft and fat is Mr. Speedy Miller (Brod Crawford), the Boss with the loaded cane, and *Tight Shoes* is the saga of his discomfiture. A fine day, but his shoes pinch. A lovely afternoon at the races, yet his hunch lets him down. His gambling club, with the pass-word "Baby Bootees," is smashed up and flashlit and caught by the reporters' mikes. His moll, a musical comedy queen, kicks harder and straighter than any other lady in town. He gives away boxes of cigars at the elections and finds her strip-teasing on a platform to help the other side. One thing leads to another, till we find him mooching round with two days' beard and nothing to fall back on but a job; when he sees an old pal in the street the other turns away, and he mutters: "Might have been asking him for a light." One feels more than sorry for this fallen racketeer, because Runyon has the trick of making even the worst of his characters as lovable as Shakespeare's buffoons. It's partly the language that does it. You can't hate Falstaff, because he spouts divinely, and on a much lower plane you can't dislike these Runyon crooks. The lingo, plump and pretty, wraps them round, lifts them, sets them on a cloud. Well, *Tight Shoes* is as cherubic a piece of gangsterism as I've seen. It brings tears to the eyes at the end, when the wedding music has to be repeated three times (once in swing tempo) because of the brawl in the vestry, and the bride walks up the aisle to marry the best man.

Man Hunt, with its already well-known opening of a big-game hunter stalking Hitler at Berchtesgaden and letting his quarry go, is so enormously exciting that we might accept it with a grateful "Here are thrills," and leave it at that. It's a film everyone except a Nazi will enjoy, though in fact the promise of the beginning is never fulfilled. The sporting Englishman is caught, beaten, chased on cargo-boats and along London tubes, run down to a cave at Lyme Regis, and (war intervening) joins the R.A.F. and opens his parachute over Germany to resume his Führer-stalking. The chase is thrilling, but end and beginning belong to a better story in which the fantasy would be sustained. How? I think by making the sportsman a more independent and wilder figure. He might be allowed to talk and even think a little, boasting quietly of his escapade (who would believe him?), then wondering about missed chances and planning a return. His *idée fixe* might seize him in intervals when he has nothing to do except point his walking-stick at rabbits and bore his neighbours; there's no reason why he shouldn't find himself shut up for a while in a nursing home, with a Gestapo agent outside. Walter Pidgeon, always with a couple of Nazis on his heels, plays the part straight—as an American. Lack of realism, indeed, almost takes the place of fantasy. The pursuing Hun (George Sanders), despite uniform and eyeglass, is immaculately English; while London bristles with costers in pearlies, taxicabs looking like motor landaus and a Grosvenor Square drawing-room out of Pinero. But it does amuse and thrill, and Lang's camera has a magic eye. Many of his characteristic shots are visual triumphs. A pity, then, that the content of this film shouldn't be a little more original. Years ago Lang did a better man-hunt than this: "*M*," a film in a hundred.

Parachute Battalion is also billed for excitement. In the big scenes you see the half-fledged parachutists making their first jumps, one after another, out of planes like drops from a test tube, until the air is full of them. Almost as wonderful are the dramatics that attach to being a parachutist; hold-ups in mid-air at the revolver-point, co-educational interludes, yellow streaks and blue-eyed hopes. There is the material in this film for a very interesting "short."

I wish I had liked *This Man Reuter* more than I did. The subject is interesting, the treatment reasonably historical, and Edward G. Robinson takes the chief part. It's a film that has no bad faults; it is respectable, worthy and dull. Most of the interest is packed into the early scenes, which show Reuter beginning with a carrier-pigeon service that outpaces the mail between Aachen and Brussels.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, September 27th—
Federal Union Conference: "Europe After the War," Aeolian Hall, 1–6.30.
Pianoforte Recital by Eric Hope, St. Stephen's Church, Pond Street, N.W.3.
International Evening, City Literary Inst., 4.30. Speaker: Miss Shields Collins.

SUNDAY, September 28th—
Prof. G. W. Keeton: "The Origins of Western Civilisation," Conway Hall, 11.
E. P. Young: "What Anglo-Soviet Co-operation Could Achieve," 153 Finchley Road, 2.30.
Blech Quartet, Czechoslovak Institute, 18 Grosvenor Place, 3.
Tom Russell: "Popularisation of Music in Wartime," 9 Great Newport Street, W.C.2, 6.

MONDAY, September 29th—
Fabian International Affairs Group Snack Lunch. André Rabache: "Propaganda to Occupied Countries," 12 Great Newport St., 1.
Opening of Sadler's Wells Ballet at New Theatre, 5.30.

TUESDAY, September 30th—
J. Nelson Meredith: "Bristol Reconstruction," Housing Centre, 1.
Song Recital by Winifred Radford, 22 St. Petersburgh Place, W.2, 7.

WEDNESDAY, October 1st—
Exhibition of Paintings from Pilgrim Trust "Recording Britain Scheme," Islington Central Library. Till October 15th. Weekdays 2—black-out.

FRIDAY, October 3rd—
N. B. L. Pevsner: "The English House—Tudor and Jacobean," Birkbeck College, 5.30.

SATURDAY, October 4th—
First of 4 Concerts of Works by Modern Composers. Wigmore Hall, 2.30.

Correspondence

WHITEHALL AND THE FUTURE

SIR,—In your review of the report of the Public Accounts Committee, you ask the very pertinent question, "When is a Civil Servant not a Civil Servant," and as the answer to your query is not without interest to Civil Servants themselves, perhaps you will permit me an observation or two.

Personally, I have no quarrel with your own "dual capacity" definition. Indeed, your next phrase wherein you refer to "the continuation of association with private business while acting as a servant of the State," contains, I suggest, a quite definite contradiction in terms. There is no need, I think, to enter into controversy as to the precise nature of the entity towards which the Civil Servant owes allegiance, since opinion on that score will vary as between the Government of the day and the community. There is this to be said, however, that on a certain definition of the State which sees in it no more than the instrument of the dominant interest, there might conceivably be a closer affinity than at first sight appears between association with private business and service of the State, whose concern, it will be argued, is to uphold that business.

Nevertheless, there is, on the part of the genuine Civil Servant, a desire to give reasonably faithful and efficient service to his fellows for no other reward than "the pay for the job," and the numerous instances you give of private benefit accruing to big business through its entry into the Public Service give us disquieting reason to feel that what the Prime Minister once described as the best Civil Service in the world may be in some danger of losing its right to that proud title.

The argument that "the Capitalists and their salaried technicians know how to run industry whereas Civil Servants do not" is, as I am sure you yourself recognise, rather an argument for a complete metamorphosis than for the present pernicious arrangement whereby vested interests secure for themselves the best of both worlds. Under that dubious arrangement, it is possible, for instance, for the controlling influence in the biggest catering establishment in the country to occupy an equally influential position in relation to the State machinery for wartime food control, and thereby to safeguard the interests of a concern which over a period of two or three decades has consistently refused to recognise the principle of collective bargaining with its own workpeople.

The issue, it seems to me, is clear. Either the Civil Service continues to enjoy the confidence of the community in its performance of the new and immense tasks imposed upon it as more and more areas now occupied by private enterprise pass within its control, or the bureaucracy justly earns for itself the opprobrium which interested people endeavour even now to attach to it.

It will suffer the latter to the extent that it permits unchecked the further infiltration of elements which exploit the machinery of State for ends with which the State properly conceived can have nothing to do.

The Civil Servant, for whom as an officer of a Service Trades Union I am able to speak, is reasonably proud of his function and asks nothing better than a state of affairs and a social order wherein he can play an even more valuable and, be it said, less frustrated part in the organisation and administration of public affairs. To achieve this, he is very well aware of the fact that sooner or later the Civil Service must rid itself of those half-and-half intruders whose attachment to it owes nothing to a desire to uphold the high traditions of the Public Service or to prepare the way for the new responsibilities which a disinterested Civil Service will be called upon to assume in a better ordered community.

R. W. RAWLINGS

THE IRISH TANGLE

SIR,—Frank Pakenham's article, *Ireland To-day*, was excellent, and, for Irishmen, made encouraging reading as an approach to objectivity in Irish affairs. My concrete proposals are:

(1) The whole of Ireland to become neutral through the incorporation of Northern Ireland in a federal Irish State, with reserved powers for a reduced Northern Ireland legislature and strong Northern representation in the Dail.

(2) Before this incorporation takes place, a strong Irish army to be recruited amongst Dominion troops of Irish birth and parentage at present serving in Britain and amongst Irishmen serving with the British forces. This new force to take an oath of allegiance to Ireland and to be transferred to Northern Ireland to replace the purely British troops at present serving there; the whole to form a nucleus for increased recruiting in Northern Ireland and to be placed, along with the small but efficient regular and reserve Army of Eire, under a centralised Irish command.

(3) The tanks, guns, armoured cars, aeroplanes and stores at present in Northern Ireland to remain; Belfast to manufacture additional uniforms and equipment; and the Bank of Ireland to finance the pay and equipment of the new Irish Army in the same way that the *Reichsbank* financed the pay and equipment of the German Army.

This plan anticipates and lays the principal ghost in the British mind where Ireland is concerned, the fear of an insufficiently defended neighbouring island, in so far as no move would be made towards Irish Federation and the *military* ending of Partition until the new Ulster-Irish force in Northern Ireland had been recruited up to the strength of the present British army of occupation. The process of drafting and replacement could be spread over a year, if necessary, and it would surely do many Protestant Ulstermen no harm to take a hand in defending their native soil instead of talking about "loyalty" and at the same time relying on British troops to do their duty for them! In addition, there must be many Protestant Ulstermen who, like myself, have a certain amount of military experience, but are unable to volunteer in Northern Ireland because of the haunting fear that they might be called upon to fight against their fellow-countrymen.

So much for the first step, and Northern Ireland's contribution—the removal of the British army of occupation and, consequently, of a primary cause of friction between Ireland and Britain. Then comes the contribution from Eire—a *defensive* alliance of the whole island with the U.S.A., thus turning Ireland from a source of doubt and bewilderment into a strong fortress in the Atlantic. If the American Republic will "give us the tools," we will see to our land defences "against all comers," and, in the final analysis, that is all either Britain or America has the right to ask from us.

Mr. Pakenham, in his article, rightly underlines our present irritation with the U.S.A.'s policy towards Ireland. The irritation is there all right, but it springs fundamentally from our disappointment at finding our old friend and ally apparently automatically endorsing the fatuity of that British policy towards Ireland that consists in promoting Irish disunity by means of an alien army of occupation, and at the same time badgering Ireland for not behaving as a unit. Let America lead strongly and clearly in the opposite direction, towards Irish unity, or, rather, towards a set of conditions in which the Irish mind can achieve its own unity, and there may arise in the Atlantic a new and powerful fortress of freedom and democracy.

DENIS IRELAND,
Captain, late Royal Irish Fusiliers.

SIR,—The attitude of President Roosevelt towards Eire is quite understandable, and I am sure Frank Pakenham is under no illusions as to why the plea for American arms was turned down. The campaign to bring about a Pan-American understanding, and consequently a system of collective defence by the American republics is being opposed by many Catholics who are naive enough to believe that the Salazar dictatorship in Portugal is the middle of the road between Democracy and Communism.

Harold Callender, who has just returned from a four-month tour of South America on behalf of the *New York Times*, reports: "Repeatedly one heard from priests and laymen throughout South America the view that the Salazar dictatorship in Portugal was an almost ideal State; and this seemed to be accepted as a fairly general Catholic view. It does not, of course, coincide with the traditional American view of the desirable State."

The De Valera Government has had a commission sitting for more than two years examining the possibilities of the establishment in Eire of a Salazar form of Government. The theorists of the Catholic Church have long advocated this form of government.

The logic of the position, so far as Washington is concerned, seems all too obvious.

JACK CARNEY

SIR,—May I add a postscript to Mr. Pakenham's well informed article on Eire?

I visited Northern Ireland in August, 1940 and took round to Stormont Castle a statement proving economic discrimination against Catholics in Government services. The official whom I consulted stated that he could not challenge the facts. He drew my attention, however, to the fact that some of the Nationalist M.P.s in the northern Parliament refused to take their seats and yet continue to draw their salaries for work which they conscientiously decline to do. They have, therefore, I was assured, no moral right to claim Government positions for their followers, but doubtless the discrimination would continue even if these Nationalist M.P.s did not provide a plausible pretext.

It is often asserted that the North Irish Government would collapse but for a British subsidy, but this assertion is an example of the foolishness of a materialistic interpretation of history. Racial loyalties are far more potent either than religion or economic considerations. The Ulsterman who has fought on our side in two world wars, will fight again if he is forced out of the Empire.

For a balanced view of this problem, I refer your readers to the best study of contemporary Irish politics I have read: Mr. Donal O'Sullivan's *Irish Free State and its Senate*. Mr. O'Sullivan is a Catholic, Nationalist, former clerk of the Irish Senate, and a great authority on the Irish language. He believes that Mr. De Valera's language policy is one of the major obstacles to a settlement, but that the chief barrier is Mr. De Valera's policy of complete independence for a united Ireland.

As a Catholic who has always believed in home rule for a united Ireland, I have no bias in favour of the Northern Government, but I am impressed by Mr. O'Sullivan's considered verdict:

> Tragedy, in Hegel's words, is the conflict not of right with wrong, but of right with right; and this philosophic truth is here exemplified. The Irish nation has an inalienable and sacred right to territorial unity. The Northern Protestants have a right to be continued in that allegiance which has been theirs for centuries. Until these two rights are acknowledged and reconciled we shall make no progress. . . .
>
> What, then, shall we say of the problem of partition? Obviously, no immediate solution is possible, because, even if there was no other obstacle, the war would stand in the way. . . .
>
> When I reflect on the manifest difficulties, that

pregnant saying of Thiers keeps recurring to my mind, "Le régime qui nous divise le moins." Now, what is the régime which divides us the least? . . .

The regime which divides us the least is, beyond all question, the complete independence which is conferred by full membership of the Commonwealth, with all its rights and privileges and its few remaining obligations. . . .

The Athenaeum Club. ARNOLD LUNN

MUNICIPAL FEEDING

SIR,—"Technician's" article raises an important point in connection with the feeding of industrial and other workers. In his case the catering receives Government assistance, and is making a huge profit for the private firm.

Another interesting aspect of the same question arises in the borough "X," where schoolchildren are being fed by contract with a private firm in a grant-aided scheme at a high cost to the corporation, and with apparently no adequate dietetic supervision. The same borough has equipped several school buildings for large-scale cooking in the event of a blitz, but this apparatus is for "emergency feeding" only and *may not be used for any other purpose*.

At "Y," on the other hand, between raids they are using the large-scale catering equipment in the school buildings to meet the crying need of industrial areas where the women go out to work, the provision of hot meals to be eaten at home. Hitherto the provision of "cash and carry meals" has been the province of fish and chip or pie shops. The centres at "Y" are being run by fully trained domestic science teachers with helpers, and are a huge success.

Women who work cannot possibly shop and cook, however the shopping hours are amended. The least that should be done is to afford them the facilities available to richer women for obtaining a hot meal without having to prepare it. It may not be possible to open British Restaurants in the smaller industrial areas, but there appears to be no reason at all why "cash and carry" meal centres giving a balanced diet at an economic cost could not be opened by the local authorities, especially as nearly all these places are vulnerable areas which have been compelled to organise some form of large-scale emergency catering provision already.

The Ministry of Food ought not to leave such schemes to the local authorities. Ministry officials of various kinds have been active enough in harrying local authorities to organise lectures, demonstrations, etc., but the M.O.F. should realise that the time, energy and money thus expended would have been more profitably used in these cases in organising feeding centres or snack bars, as they have done in the larger cities. Making the "balanced meals" available for the workers' stomachs is of more use to everyone concerned at this vital juncture than any attempt to "educate" them on the subject, and a more general adoption of the scheme at "Y" would mean a large-scale saving of time, fuel, food and money, to say nothing of its effect on the general nutrition of working families. SYBIL PRINSKY

West Hartlepool.

A FREE GERMAN BRIGADE

SIR,—Mr. H. Morrison, Secretary of State for Home Affairs, was asked at the Scottish Labour Party Conference in Edinburgh about the possibility of the formation in Britain of a Free German Brigade to fight the Nazis. He replied that he was not sure that the refugees would favour it.

As former commander of the German International Brigade and as representative of hundreds of German anti-Fascists in this country, I can give Mr. Morrison the assurance that there is a large number of German refugees in Great Britain who are wholeheartedly willing to fight Hitler as soldiers.

I like to point out that there are still many of the keenest and most proved anti-Fascist fighters behind the barbed wire. I should further like to mention that the Pioneer Corps cannot be considered a substitute for a Free German Fighting Force. The creation of a German Brigade or a German Battalion within an International Brigade would considerably speed up the mobilisation of the German anti-Nazi forces in this country and would have a strong influence on the enemies of Hitler in Germany and within the ranks of the German Army.

I am willing to put the experiences which I gained during the organisation of the International Brigades in Spain at the realisation of this task.

LT. COL. HANS KAHLE
(former Commander of the
I./German/International Brigade)

FAMILY ALLOWANCES

SIR,—In your issue of September 20th your Industrial Correspondent says, "If a universal system of school meals, in holiday as well as term, were introduced, and if 'milk in schools' were made universal throughout the year, the opponents of cash allowances would have a case."

But your correspondent forgets the "under 5's"—a most important section of the child population. For heaven's sake let us be firm for the cash allowances. The Liberal Party Conference and the acting editor of the *Economist* have declared for them; the *Times* of September 9th, in its chief leader, distantly indicated approval. It now only needs the Conservative Party Conference to assent and the Labour Party with the T.U.C. will be left shamefully to bring up the rear. Truly the workers' champions are fearful and wonderful.

H. PALMER, Labour Chariman,
Norwich Health and Maternity Committees

A.R.P. COMMITTEE

SIR,—I have noted the very kind references, in your issue of September 6th, 1941, to the proposals recently placed before the Government by the National A.R.P. Co-ordinating Committee.

Winter, and the danger of a renewed westward assault by the Luftwaffe, are fast approaching.

The committee have already, in the proposals referred to, made general recommendations for enabling British industry and British homes to defeat this assault. The committee are now working, at considerable pressure, on a detailed scheme for a specific one of Britain's industrial towns—an inviting target for Hitler's bombs.

The plans are being based on the abundant lessons, particularly of the raids of April/May, 1941, and the object is to produce a scheme which will serve as a model for similar key areas.

Already, and although the work is hardly beyond the preliminary stages, highly promising new material is emerging, but the expense of tackling such a big job is very considerable.

Unfortunately one aspect of the too-prevalent lethargy in the British war effort is a lack of public interest in A.R.P. This reflects itself in difficulty in expanding the committee's funds fast enough to meet the growing drain on its resources.

Over the past three years the committee have had a record of recommendations made and subsequently officially adopted either in part or in whole, with which they have reason to be well satisfied. But particularly in completing the undertaking in hand, time is of the essence of the contract. It is only money which can increase the tempo.

The committee are operating entirely through voluntary contributions. In order that their valuable work may be speeded to meet the needs of the situation, may I appeal, through your columns, for donations to be sent to me at the offices of the National A.R.P. Co-ordinating Committee, 30 Bedford Row, London, W.C.1. Cheques should be made payable to the account of the committee.

P. CHALMERS MITCHELL,
Hon. Treasurer

CLEAR THINKING

SIR,—I must disagree with Mr. Stephen Spender when, in writing of Miss Susan Stebbing's book *Ideals and Illusions*, he says that she wishes for all to "share her view of life." From reading the book I gained the impression that Miss Stebbing was putting forward, not a view of life, but a way of thinking, altogether a different thing: Miss Stebbing does not hold up clear thinking as an ideal in itself, but as the only sensible method of setting forth ideals. Ultimately all she asks for is a little more clear thinking; there can be no fallacy in that.

ELIZABETH LEIGH PEMBERTON

ONIONS

SIR,—While sympathising with "James's Keeping"—not to mention his gardener—for the forfeit of his carefully tended onion crop, and quite understanding his desire to see the publication in the Press of the balance sheet of the National Vegetable Marketing Co., Ltd., may I at the same time point out that not for over a year have I so much as seen an onion, let alone been able to buy one? Consequently I—and surely I am not the only one—am looking forward to that "2 lbs. per head from the common pool," supplied presumably by "James's Keeping" and his fellow-kitchen-garden and allotment owners, as eagerly as I looked forward to the weekly ration of sweets on Sunday afternoons when I was at school. ANON

JUSTICE FOR BABIES

SIR,—I am not being trivial or facetious in asking for a little space to air a grievance—about babies' nappies.

Ever since the clothes-rationing scheme started I have watched the press hopefully for an outburst either from mothers or shopkeepers on this subject, but have seen no word.

A generous officialdom grants 50 coupons to the expectant mother. I need not go into details about the clothes that even the most economical and handy-at-altering woman has to buy for herself with these; nor, being but a man, could I give a list of all those fascinating little thingummyjigs that the infant needs. But this I do know—at least, my wife has told me—that at least three dozen nappies are essential to a happy childhood. And one nappy costs one coupon.

Your readers can work out the rest for themselves. A very small injustice you may say, but one that might have far-reaching results.

AN EXPECTANT FATHER

RUSSIA AND THE ATLANTIC

SIR,—"Critic" makes a statement which cannot be allowed to pass unchallenged. He wrote: "For the time being—thanks largely to Russia—the Battle of the Atlantic is being won."

It does not belittle Russia's part in the war to say that this statement is nonsense, and offensive nonsense at that. By implication it belittles the unceasing work of the Royal Navy, the Fleet Air Arm and the R.A.F. More pointedly does it ignore the help of the United States in the matter of North Atlantic patrols. Is this (as I hope) just a piece of careless writing, or is it an expression of the policy that appeals to so many left-wing intellectuals, a policy based on the belief that everything Russian is right, and everything British or American is wrong? JOHN GLOAG

[That the Battle of the Atlantic is being fought and won by the Navy, the R.A.F. and by U.S.A. aid is obvious and constantly mentioned in this as in every paper. Critic's point was not to belittle or praise anyone; it was an attempt to call attention to the fact, also admitted by every student of the war, that the German air force which co-operated so effectively with the U-boats is much depleted in the West and the German submarines have also been, we believe, operating less extensively in the Atlantic.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

BOOKS FOR THE TROOPS

SIR,—Like many other readers, I have been looking over my books, wondering which of them to send to Mr. Worsley for his Air Crew library. I have found (1) some *good* detective stories; (2) some *exciting*, not trashy, novels; (3) some *modern* books on science and natural history; (4) some *well-written* biographies; (5) some *lively* essays; (6) some French and German novels *in good condition*. Unluckily I could not send some of the books I thought most suitable, e.g., Wells's *Science of Life*, the novels of Somerset Maugham, the letters of T. E. and of D. H. Lawrence, the essays of Bertrand Russell and Lytton Strachey. The books, I suggest, that will be most popular are not necessarily those that will be most valuable, for the delight given to one airman who finds books important may outweigh that obtained by a dozen who care little what they read. M. R.

SIR,—For a considerable time it has seemed to me that A.E.C. libraries could be established in N.A.A.F.I. canteens. A small fee of a penny a book would cover the insignificant administrative charges.

Further, the installation of a radio-gram and provision of a small but varied record library would assist lovers of classical music, who are at present sadly neglected by E.N.S.A. and the A.E.C.

Boredom is the greatest enemy and the most subtle fifth columnist that troops in England have to face. DRIVER, R.A.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

UP to the early nineteenth century who were the Puritan writers of autobiography? The names of Fox, Bunyan, Defoe, Cobbett and Franklin come to mind first of all. Not all wrote their life story in a single piece, but the character of their writing is intensely autobiographical. They are plain and homely figures; there is no getting away from that, indeed, it is their boast. Sensibility, elegance, urbanity, imagination and culture are not notable in their natures or their work, the name of Franklin excepted. If the Reformation turned us into a nation of shopkeepers, these are the men who keep the books. And here, I think, we should distinguish in our use of the words "homely" and "plain." The sense of dull worth and stagnation which has accrued to these adjectives came to them during the nineteenth century, when the domestic hearth was insulated from the world; but in the eighteenth century and earlier the meaning had more of nature and less of complacency in it. Those times were nearer the dynamic period of Puritanism, times of revolution, colonisation and travel; and the reader must have noticed, with a smile, how little these prophets of the plain domestic virtues stayed at home. In a man like Fox, the native restlessness of the virtuous Puritan is explicit: he feared to be corrupted if he stayed too long in one place. Bunyan is on the road or in prison and his Christian is on a journey. Defoe is on tour or in the stocks, and his Crusoe comes home only once every so often to beget a child. Cobbett is perpetually on horseback and Franklin is running away from his relations, crossing and recrossing the Atlantic. What a contrast there is between their precept and example! There they are warning us against the way of the world, but who is more in the world then they?

The answer is that whatever else the ideal of Puritanism may have been, its joint aim was always success. Preaching caution, moderation, industry and sobriety to generations of shopkeepers, round whose necks they tie their moral maxims like a sack of bricks, the great Puritan examplars pursue not the same course, but a parallel one which is livelier and more extravagant. They live—it is why we read them—not in the family and the shop, but in the world. They live to succeed extremely in the world. For even Fox and Bunyan succeed: they inherit the heavenly riches. And why should they not succeed? Remove the belief in success, material or spiritual, from Puritanism and you remove its mainspring and its political meaning. An unsuccessful Puritan is the disappointed sectary snapping sourly at his neighbours because he is unable to get the better of them.

Still, at first sight, the great Puritan autobiographers are an unlovely crowd. They have the vitality of weeds. We read them for their realism and their eccentricity. But would we choose their company now? Only two among those names might transplant into the twentieth century: Cobbett, because he might fit in with the Napoleonic pattern of our time, and the other is Benjamin Franklin. Franklin is the only certain choice. One thinks of him as the first of the civilised puritans. With his urbanity, his humour, his sagacity, his scientific adventurousness and his political vision, he can easily be transplanted, though he would loll like some dog's eared and old-fashioned compendium of good sense and information in our businesslike world of isolated specialists. To entertain him would be like entertaining one of our founders; and this week, while the specialists are meeting to discuss the world which their discoveries are destroying, the company of this superb non-specialist can profitably be sought.

The Franklin literature is a large one. Among recent *Lives*, Carl Van Doran's is the most thorough, sympathetic and readable. There is also an intelligent study by a Frenchman done in 1929: *Benjamin Franklin, Bourgeois d'Amerique* (Calmann Levy). But the reader should go first of all for the accent and flavour of the subject and begin with Franklin's own story.* The World's Classics edition has the advantage of including a complete example from his famous *Almanac of Poor Richard*, which was enjoyed by thousands in America and which made D. H. Lawrence so angry. Lawrence's attack on Franklin in his *Studies in Classical American Literature* ought to be read, but it is a typical misfire. Lawrence, one supposes, could not forgive another Puritan for knowing more about sex than he did, and before Franklin's irony, urbanity and benevolence, Lawrence cuts an absurd figure, rather like a Sunday School teacher who has gone to a *Social* dressed up as a howling dervish, when fancy dress was *not* requested. There is *something* in Lawrence's diatribe; it is the criticism by the man whose life is all poetry, of the man whose life is all prose.

The reader of Franklin's autobiography must be struck by the way the Puritans hang together. Defoe and Bunyan were Franklin's first instructors. Defoe and Franklin have also similar origins; they were both, incidentally, the sons of tallow chandlers, and Defoe's *Essay on Projects* was one of the books which had a lasting influence on Franklin's mind. The resemblances between their careers are, of course, simply resemblances of class. The chief difference between the two shopkeepers appears when we observe the benevolence of the American's mind, the flow of imagination that transforms the pawky philosophy of go-getting and self-interest. Defoe was a retailer to the end; Franklin was a wholesaler. His plans, his experiments, his political actions are not part of his career; they flow beyond himself upon society. We feel that Defoe's character was, with all its toughness, resource and courage, a narrow one and incapable of growth, and there is, in fact, his dubious middle phase as a spy. Franklin, on the other hand, expands. His life remains one, as the life of Cobbett does. How good the American climate was for the English character at this period; for if Franklin got ideas from Defoe, his style from Addison, his irony from Socrates and the stimulus to his genius from France of the eighteenth century, he owed the enlargement of his nature to America. Without that he might still have been thought one of the greatest *savants* of his time, but he would not have been thought the most able or the most likeable.

As a life story the *Autobiography* is interesting for its events. It is far more interesting as a remarkable piece of amusing and considered self-portraiture. The best autobiographies are those which draw the writer's character full-face, and Franklin adds to this the capacity to describe his character's growth. In one sense (the sense that D. H. Lawrence hated), the book is another success story, an early instalment of Samuel Smiles. How he sat up late to study, how he became a vegetarian to save money for books, how he watched his chances at the printers, twigged a trick or two from the Socrates method of innocent inquiry, bargained over an offer of marriage and at last earned enough money to eat his porridge out of a china bowl with a silver spoon, after years of earthenware and a wooden one—such stuff is apt to be despised by those who find themselves deeply interested by it against their wills. And if Franklin had left his narrative like that he would have been just one more successful mayor. But his belief in self-improvement, though deep, has an ironic inflection:—

> It would not be altogether absurd if a man were to thank God for his vanity among the other comforts of life.

Such intimate and persuasive asides give a leisured shade to the blatant walls of Self-Help where, too often, one is asked to admire the placing of each unweathered brick. But there is more than the sprightly irony of an experienced old man looking back on his life in this story. We are shown the making of a mind, the formation of a temperament. The two qualities of Franklin are the variety of his interests and the originality of his mind. He is always performing feats. There are the feats of intellect, like the decision to learn the French, Spanish and Italian languages in middle age in order to prepare himself to learn Latin—and a very good short cut to Latin that is, too. There are the feats of citizenship: he started the first fire brigade, the first police force, the first system of street lighting in the American colonies, the earliest philosophical society and the earliest public library. His edition of *Pamela* was the first novel to be published there also. And there are the feats of invention which are famous, such as his investigation of dyes and his invention of a heating stove which popped up with impish exuberance between the great affair of the lightning rod and his theories about the paths of storms and earthquakes. And, all the time this is the man who once swam from Chelsea to Blackfriars, working out a new system of swimming as he went, and was only saved by chance from setting up for life as a swimming instructor. Franklin's inventive faculty was directed even to working out a system, rather like book-keeping, for improving his moral character. He invented even new prayers.

Being a romantic, Lawrence imagined that Franklin's devotion to Use, Method and Order indicated the dreary objectives of his genius. They were its starting-point, its immense stimulus. Against egotism—Lawrence's "a dark forest"—Franklin put the citizen and the *savant*, and the emotion generated by being a lively citizen in a new society released an exuberant creative capacity in Franklin which was certainly no less than the creative force which Lawrence and many others have thought to lie only in sex. The jeers of Lawrence might have struck home had they been directed at estimable and lesser Self-Helpers, for the Self-Helper is usually a copyist only who ends by being all help and no self. But Franklin was never a copyist. Least of all was he a copyist in sex—Lawrence's own speciality. Here (far from being the prudent shopkeeper) Franklin entered upon a marriage which was only "a common law" marriage, and which may have been bigamous not out of self-interest, but because his moral sensibility demanded it. Franklin understood the dangers of repressing the moral sense. And then, lest one be deceived into thinking the considerate, the businesslike and the robust are incompatibles, there is his famous letter to a young man who is worried about women. Prudence directs (Franklin says) that if a young man must, for his health's sake, have a mistress it is better that she shall be old, for she will be past child-bearing—and besides, the older a woman the more grateful she is! One would need to be very cynical indeed to think that remarkable advice wholly cynical. One may hardly blame the Age of Reason and Order for being reasonable and orderly, or the first of the modern planners for believing that all plans should be practical and should produce concrete benefits for society—stoves for the draughty New England rooms, fire brigades for wooden cities, political union for threatened states, prayers that will guide us "to our truest interest," and even discreet happiness for ladies past the prime of life.

V. S. PRITCHETT

* *The Life of Benjamin Franklin.* Written by himself. Edited by John Bigelow. The World's Classics. 3s.

A NEW STANDARD WORK

The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations. With an Introduction by BERNARD DARWIN. *Oxford.* 25s.

Once again the Oxford Press gives us a book necessary to every library, public or private. The last edition of Bartlett was modernised into a monument of indiscrimination, in which familiar quotations were overwhelmed by hundreds of unmemorable American magazine-writers. This Oxford Dictionary is exemplary; it includes music-hall songs, hymns and advertising slogans—the compilers have found the origin of countless phrases. Let me begin, however, with such meagre complaints as I can muster. The sources, wisely, are arranged by authors in alphabetical not chronological order, and the first name is Charles Follen Adams; it ought, I suggest, to be Lord Acton; and here is the quotation with which the Dictionary might magnificently open: "Power tends to corrupt, and absolute power corrupts absolutely. Great men are almost always bad." And here from the same noble source is a memorable phrase applicable to such whitewash-mongers as the historian of Frederick the Great: "The strong man with the dagger is followed by the weaker man with the sponge." Then—Miss Austen. In his introduction that admirable stylist, Mr. Bernard Darwin, points out that "she is not very amenable to the treatment by scissors and paste." True, but more key-passages could have been quoted (e.g. Sir Walter Elliot's "I am not fond of the idea of my shrubberies being always approachable," and Mrs. John Dashwood's "Only conceive how comfortable they will be. Five hundred a year! I am sure I cannot imagine how they will spend half of it"). The compilers have included many good sayings (as opposed to writings) quoted often from G. W. E. Russell, but none by Jowett. Clough's *The Latest Decalogue* is not tapped, though it is eminently quotable:

> Thou shalt have one God only; who
> Would be at the expense of two? . . .
> Thou shalt not kill; but need'st not strive
> Officiously to keep alive . .
> Do not adultery commit,
> Advantage rarely comes of it.

I failed to discover which Chancellor of the Exchequer (was it Randolph Churchill?) referred, perhaps apocryphally, to decimal points as "those damned dots," and which statesman (was it Campbell Bannerman?) declared that self-government was preferable to good government. There is no reference to the Timbuctoo cassowary (Soapy Sam's, I believe). The dictionary has the enormous advantage over Bartlett that it gives many quotations in Latin and other foreign languages, but the French allowance seems to me most miserly. It also includes what is almost an error: "Nous n'irons plus aux bois, les lauriers sont coupés" is indeed the first line of a poem by Banville, but he took it, I fancy, from a country song reported by George Sand. I wish there were cross-references in the dictionary such as Bartlett gives us when a similar phrase crops up in different places, as when Dr. Johnson, touching the sale of Thrale's brewery, lifted from Edward Moore the phrase "beyond the dreams of avarice," and Carlyle adapted from Franklin (as reported by Boswell) the description of man as "a tool-making animal." One would be grateful for help in tracing such polite thefts: thus this Dictionary gives Pope's "die of a rose in aromatic pain" but omits any reference to its source, Lady Winchelsea's "faintly the inimitable rose" and "we faint beneath the aromatic pain." With some shame I confess that I have found no other signal omission of which to complain. Many of the quotations given, however, strike me as pointless, while others are misleading. Under Swift for instance, we are given the bromides, from *Polite Conversation*, which the Dean, so far from originating, was satirising with disgust.

Mr. Darwin writes delightfully in praise of books of reference:

> No others are comparable with them for the purpose of eternal browsing. They suggest all manner of lovely, lazy things, in particular the watching of a cricket match on a sunshiny day. We have only dropped in for half an hour, but the temptation to see just one more over before we go is irresistible. Evening draws on, the shadows of the fielders lengthen on the grass, nothing much is happening, a draw becomes every minute more inevitable, and still we cannot tear ourselves away. So it is with works of reference, even the most arid, even with Bradshaw, whose vocabulary, as Sherlock Holmes remarked, is "nervous and tense, but limited."

I am sure that many must share Mr. Darwin's devotion. When my London home was made uninhabitable, the first book I evacuated to my cottage (where it occupies almost half of one of the two bedrooms) was the big Oxford Dictionary. The *Encyclopaedia Britannica* and a complete St. Beuve followed, and I now wonder if I cannot squeeze the D.N.B. into the coal-hole. Henceforward the Oxford Dictionary of Quotations also is of the company.

Who wrote:

1. Reminiscences make one feel so deliciously aged and sad.
2. (of the House of Commons): It is the best club in London.
3. You with shelly horns, rams! and, promontory goats,
   You whose browsing beards dip in coldest dew!
   Bulls, that walk the pastures in kingly-flashing coats!
   Laurel, ivy, vine, wreathed for feasts not few.
4. 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view.
5. Apt alliteration's artful aid.
6. Compound for sins they are inclin'd to
   By damning those they have no mind to.
7. Some word that teems with hidden meaning—like Basingstoke.
8. Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
   But—why did you kick me downstairs?

Every reader will doubtless know the source of at least one of these—I knew none. Nor did I know that the words "a mess of pottage" come not from the Authorised Version but from a chapter-heading in the Genevan Bible. And not even the learned band that compiled this dictionary knows who wrote a couplet that too often is brought to my mind: "While ladling butter from their separate tubs, Stubbs butters Freeman, Freeman butters Stubbs." But here I learn the authorship of "A Mr. Wilkinson, a clergyman"—it is a fiendish stroke of Fitzgerald's. The compilers of this work can be fiendish too, I suspect: have they not disinterred and placed among quotations from Mr. Aldous Huxley this quatrain:

> Then brim the bowl with atrabilious liquor!
> We'll pledge our Empire vast across the flood:
> For Blood, as all men know, than water's thicker,
> But water's wider, thank the Lord, than Blood.

I cannot believe that this, however painfully prophetic, is a "familiar quotation."

Reading this book as an anthology I made many charming new acquaintances. Here, by George Ellis, who with Canning founded the *Anti-Jacobin*, is an English parody of the Revolutionary calendar:

> Snowy, blowy, flowy,
> Showery, flowery, bowery,
> Hoppy, croppy, droppy,
> Breezy, sneezy, freezy.

Here is part of a song by John O'Keefe (1747–1833):

> Amo, amas, I love a lass,
> As a cedar tall and slender;
> Sweet cowslip's grace
> Is her nom'native case,
> And she's of the feminine gender.
> Rorum, corum, sunt Divorum!
> Harum, scarum, Divo!
> Tag rag, merry derry, periwig and hatband!
> Hic hoc horum Genitivo!

Here are two lines from Henry "Salley in our Alley" Carey:

> Aldiborontiphoscophornio!
> Where left you Chrononhotonthologos?

Then it is a delight to read through the entries under certain names, notably, Milton, Dryden, Browning, Dickens, Disraeli and Surtees.

Mr. Darwin ends his introduction with a quotation that is not in the Dictionary and that I cannot spot: "Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly." Avoiding his teasing example, let me end with the names of those responsible for the eight quotations I have given: (1) Shaw, (2) Dickens (Mr. Twemlow speaking), (3) George Meredith, (4) Campbell, (5) Charles Churchill, (6) Samuel Butler, (7) Gilbert, (8) Isaac Bickerstaffe.

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QUEEN VICTORIA

Gracious Majesty. By LAURENCE HOUSMAN. *Cape.* 8s. 6d.

Fifty-four playlets about one woman? Mr. Housman says that it is enough; he will write no more of Queen Victoria. He is exhausted—but not his subject. Mr. Housman is right; the subject is inexhaustible. For the Queen, whose mind was both tough and extraordinarily commonplace, met in her long life many hundreds of people who were remarkable for quite other reasons, and the meeting of her peculiar combination of simplicity, assurance and shrewdness with the complexities and vanities of others often produced situations of whose dramatic quality the heroine was herself unconscious. No one but a Lord Chamberlain could have thought any harm could arise from the presentation of *Victoria Regina*. Indeed, in that series of royal dramas, making together a single drama of the Queen's life, there was more to be learnt about English constitutional history in the last century than in many biographies and text-books. The new and, Mr. Housman tells us, the last series begins with the change in the Queen when, on her accession, she put Uncle Leopold of Belgium in his place and showed that just as she had determined to be "good" at an early age, so as Queen she was determined to be both royal and constitutional. Then follow three domestic dramas of the Queen and Albert; the young couple, wanting a fire in their sitting-room and not knowing how to summon a domestic; a royal christening with a comic fight for precedence between Albert and the King of Hanover; the strange moment before the Crimean War when Albert and the Queen were believed to have been put into the Tower on a charge of treason. (I wonder whether Mr. Housman knows that the Queen at this date offered to abdicate?) Then the Queen meets Mr. Carlyle at the house of Dean Stanley in 1874—a fascinating encounter in which Mr. Housman paints, with exquisite skill, the mixture of deference which Mr. Carlyle felt he owed to a deserving royalty and the outspoken independence which Mr. Carlyle always thought he owed to society and, above all, to himself. In putting words into the Queen's mouth Mr. Housman has avoided the easy pitfall of caricature; only occasionally does he make her say one of those things that are most characteristic of her letters and diaries. Unmoved by Carlyle's pessimism about the future of society, the Queen ends the interview: "Well, Mr. Carlyle, I'm not going to let you frighten *me*. But even if we don't quite agree, I have found everything you say most interesting. You say things in such an interesting way that one cannot help being interested. . . ." That, I'm sure, was exactly what Queen Victoria did say to Mr. Carlyle.

The Queen was perhaps better at handling Ministers of State than her children, and the later dialogues of this volume deal with what in less exalted life one could only call squabbles between the Queen and John Brown and Prince Edward—Disraeli comes in as a peace-maker; with her efforts to reconcile the Prince of Wales and his nephew, the Kaiser, and with a remarkable incident, less familiar than the rest, when the Queen discussed with Bismarck the political and personal problems of "Vicky," the Kaiser's mother and the Chancellor's enemy. Mr. Housman exerted himself in this dialogue, and it is personally and historically more convincing as a portrait of Bismarck than of the Queen. For I doubt if the Queen's brain worked as quickly as Mr. Housman makes it in this discussion. The reader will discover with amusement from a dialogue with Mr. Matthews, Home Secretary in 1887, that the Queen did not at that date know that common mortals needed a railway ticket to travel; she apparently thought it a humiliating reflection on the honesty of her subjects. It is not surprising, however, to learn that she fought hard for the humane slaughter of animals and against the muzzling of dogs, which was a necessary and temporary measure for the suppression of rabies. She was defeated on both points; on the first we still have fully to catch up with her common sense.

I am sorry that Mr. Housman will write no more Victorian plays. Perhaps he will not be able to help it; it is a hobby and having so mastered the technique he may find it hard to leave off. There are facets of the Queen's mind that even he has not yet fully explored. Perhaps I can tempt him with a story of the Queen which he may have forgotten. To me it always seems the perfect example of how in one sentence all the logical fallacies can be combined. A burglar, who had entered a woman's house and gagged her, was tried for murder, because, unfortunately, the gag dislodged her false teeth and choked her. He was condemned to death. In accordance with custom Harcourt, as Home Secretary, notified the Queen that the sentence would be commuted to penal servitude in view of the fact that the criminal had obviously not intended his victim's death. The Queen was angry; the man should die, and it was only after several letters had passed that she consented to give way under protest. She could not, she said (I quote from memory), "see any reason why old ladies who had false teeth should be deprived of the protection of the law."

KINGSLEY MARTIN

JERSEY OXONIAN

A Jerseyman at Oxford. By R. R. MARETT. *Oxford University Press.* 15s.

It seems to have become *de rigueur* for Rectors of Exeter to write their autobiography. And a good thing too! Discerning friends of mine regard Dr. Farnell's *An Oxonian Looks Back* as a fascinating book; and Dr. Marett's is most agreeable reading, in parts enchanting: one of those books that a reviewer keeps.

It is the chapters that deal with Jersey that enchant me: this book owes everything to its Jersey background, as Dr. Marett is the first to confess, to claim with pride rather, that he has owed everything in life to it. "I am a Jerseyman, and as such rather a rare bird—one belonging to a variety that recurs in its thousands but not in its millions." There follows some pleasant chaff about what it feels like to be a Jerseyman setting out first to explore, and then mingling freely with life on the adjacent island, "believing that we are equal to holding our own with the best of them." Jerseymen make excellent colonists, he tells us, "being willing and able to take the rough with the smooth." He certainly has had the best of both worlds: in England, Oxford at its best—the years before the last war, and then the background of that lovely, adorable island, with the old family mansion of so many memories, La Haule, looking out across the Bay of St. Aubin to seaward.

Certainly it is when writing about Jersey that he is at his best; describing the view from La Haule: "The granite horns of the bay, russet-brown above a brighter red by the water-line, protrude like immense groynes into the outer seaway"; or as a boy, the delights of wading up to the neck with a drag-net in St. Brelade's Bay; or in hard winters "waiting for the wedge-shaped gaggles of brent geese as they fly up and down the channels seaming that furrowed coast." "Space may be infinite, but spaciousness is as one feels about it," he well says; and his book illustrates the variety, the richness, in history and associations as well as in landscape, of his native island. All that he writes about it is made sharper and given more precise outline by nostalgia for such a

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home in the hands of the invader; he says charmingly of the ghosts of the past at La Haule, that in respect to local habitation and real presence they are very much on a par with himself.

The Oxonian part of the book, though agreeable and readable, has not the same atmosphere and is rather more commonplace. There is an interesting account of Balliol, under Jowett, who as usual comes out well; and it is good to know that though he "thought much of philosophy as a way of life, he seemed far less sure that it could ever reach finality in the form of knowledge. . . . In Ethics and Politics he was more or less of a relativist." Sensible man, Jowett! And I could not more agree than I do with Dr. Marett's *cri de coeur* against T. H. Green: "But why could not he have read a few French novels as a corrective to that Teutonic style of his, representing all that I hate? . . . It seemed an outrage that truth should be made to wear so barbaric a disguise." Dr. Marett's main work has been in the field of anthropology, and it is amusing—and characteristic—to find an early and hastily thrown-off paper of his, produced to liven up a session of the British Association, taken very solemnly in Germany by Wundt who proceeded to elaborate upon the new *präanimistische Hypothese*, which soon became *der Marettische Präanimismus*. So like them: so easy to take Germans in!

The author of a good autobiography must almost necessarily be something of an egoist, and it follows, too, that he should have enjoyed life. Dr. Marett has certainly enjoyed life enormously and lived it with zest: that is what gives its irresistible quality to this very undonnish autobiography, that of a man who has enjoyed being a don as much as anything.

A. L. ROWSE

THE MAGIC CARPET

Green Prison. By LEIGH WILLIAMS. *Jenkins.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Libyan Sands. By RALPH BAGNOLD. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

Vagabondage. By CLAUDIA PARSONS. *Chatto and Windus.* 15*s.*

Carpet travelling is not to be despised. It is cheap, quick, comfortable and safe. There is no easier way of seeing the world, and picking up information about the history, art, architecture, manners and customs of many different races.

From some carpets we get no more than a bird's-eye view. We get considerably more than that of Siam, or Thailand, as I am reluctant to call it, in *Green Prison*. Mr. Williams lived there for twenty years in search of teak, the most inaccessible and valuable timber in the world, and so is able to give us a close-up of its scenery—jungle, wild hilly country, rice fields, swamps and rivers—of the life of the inhabitants, of the life of the "jungle-wallahs," as the white men working in the forests are called. The comprehensiveness of Mr. Williams' interests is clear from the variety of the information he has packed into his book. By the time I had reached the sixtieth page I had learned, among other things, that the Chinese have a stranglehold on Thailand's commerce. The natives, "fond of leisure and the pursuit of happiness," do not deign to compete with the industrious Chinese. The next lesson was that the Siamese language is far too difficult for most Europeans. "It is mostly monosyllabic, with a comparatively small vocabulary, but the paucity of words is more than compensated for by there being five 'tones.' The same word can thus have five different meanings according to the way it is pronounced."

A friend of mine had set himself a hard morning's inspection in the jungle which would eventually bring him out at a certain point on a bullock-cart road. . . . He ordered his "sais" and two ponies to meet him at this spot. . . . It was hot weather, and he had had a gruelling time climbing up and down the hills. Imagine his feelings when he found his dog-boy sitting under a tree with two panting terriers! The words for dog and horse are the same, and as he sweated back to camp along the dusty cart-road he swore a mighty oath never to mispronounce "mah" again.

Next I read that Siamese boxing allows the use of the feet. A good boxer leaps high in the air, and delivers an upper-cut to the jaw with his left foot. Next, that dancing is the natural Siamese expression of everything from fear to joy. The public executioner indulges in a "dance of death" before cutting off his victim's head. Next that several varieties of kingfisher, the osprey, the crane and the pelican fish in the rivers, and that on the river banks that hideous harbinger of civilisation, corrugated iron, is displacing the picturesque native huts. In the later chapters Mr. Williams makes an excursion into Siamese history, and traces the development of modern Thailand. "The Siamese are an imitative people, and are apt to copy the technique of whatever European Power they consider in the ascendant. There is no doubt they have been impressed by the methods of the Dictators. They have even discovered a 'Thailand Irredenta' in the Lao province of French Indo-China." A discovery which led to rearmament, a frontier war with the French, and Japanese mediation. Before leaving Siam, Mr. Williams made a pilgrimage to Angkor, the ancient capital of the Cambodian Empire, which was hidden in the jungle for over three hundred years. There are many living descriptions of people and things in *Green Prison*, but not one of them surpasses the description of Angkor.

Libyan Sands was first published in 1935, but Libya had not quite the same news value then as now, the probable explanation of this reprint. Ralph Bagnold was one of a party of British officers stationed in Egypt who from 1926 to 1932 devoted their leave and all their spare cash to making journeys by car into the desert. Their main object was to obtain information of military importance, yet except from Major Jarvis, the Governor of Sinai, they received very little encouragement or assistance from the authorities. A note giving some idea of the help their explorations have been to the army on the Eastern front during the last two years ought to have been added to the new edition of Ralph Bagnold's book. The journeys it describes were not limited to the Libyan desert. The first was through Sinai. The account of a visit to Petra and to the famous monastery where Tischendorf discovered the Codex Sinaiticus was to me a very welcome oasis in the desert of the narrative. Sand is its chief theme, and descriptions of sand dunes, sand storms, sand fogs, sand seas, are inevitably monotonous. Even if they are brilliant descriptions, there can be a wearisome sameness about them, no less than about dull ones. But how much one admires the courage, endurance and resource with which these travellers fought the sand.

When Miss Claudia Parsons started on her travels, she meant merely "to cross America" by car. "I went round the world by accident, taking jobs, exerting extreme economy, and here and there selling my clothes." In *Vagabondage* she relates some of her varied experiences with a gusto which I found infectious. How can I give in a few lines a fair impression of a travel book which takes America, Canada, Japan, Malaya, Indo-China, India, Afghanistan, Central Asia, Palestine, Egypt and Libya in its stride? I must spare one at least to emphasise the rather surprising fact that Miss Parsons is never superficial. In every country she seems to have observed exactly those things peculiar to it, and she concentrates on them in her vivid and

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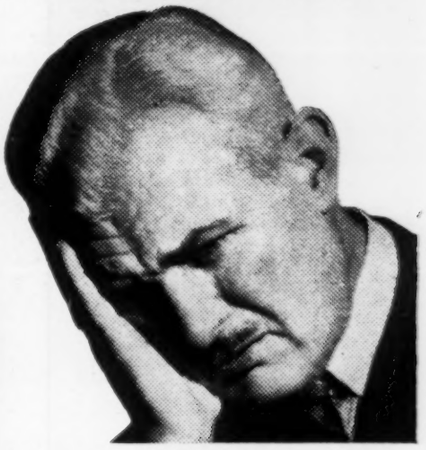

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admirably concise descriptions. I turn to a page in the chapter on Japan, and find this :

> The Japanese sunshades and lanterns that come to Europe only faintly imitate the beauty of those in Japan. I never imagined that lanterns could be a serious form of lighting till I saw them, globules of solid gold, dangling from rickshaws and bicycles, illuminating temples and parks, and forming economical versions of the electric sign. . . . One day these lovely things will be gone. Already the butterfly effect of Japan on a rainy day is marred here and there by a showing of gloomy black umbrellas with steel frames. . . . No longer will you shelter under a beautiful roof of dazzling blue or red or golden yellow.

Miss Parsons gives a detailed account of her actual travelling, which was done chiefly by road. Clever character-sketches of the people she met enliven many pages. She can be amusing without being facetious. Maps of different stages of her route, and some superb photographs add to the value of her fascinating book.

CHRISTOPHER ST. JOHN

WEALTH AND WOOL

The Wool Trade in English Medieval History. By EILEEN POWER. *Oxford University Press.* 7s. 6d.

For some three centuries of the later Middle Ages the wealth of England in cash at home and in credit abroad, in peace and in war, rested upon wool, "the sovereign merchandise and jewel of this realm" as it was called in the Ordinance of 1353. The country, during this epoch, was "intensely wool-conscious"; indeed, "it is impossible to understand English Constitutional development without reference to wool."

In the Ford Lectures of 1939 that make up this slim volume, the work of fourteen years, undertaken in preparation for a definitive history of the trade, was summarised with admirable judgment and lucidity by one whose fine scholarship and radiant personality have since been taken most untimely from her pupils and friends. The lectures have been printed without the customary apparatus of learning, and a casual reader might well be unaware of the labour that lay behind the clear-cut sentences, and of the new light thrown by so many of these pages upon the dark places of economic history.

Large-scale sheep-farming was already in being at the Conquest, chiefly upon Church lands. The Norman landowners followed the lead, and half a century later the Cistercians cashed in on the boom and covered the wolds and moors of Yorkshire and Lincolnshire with their flocks. At first the trade was almost entirely controlled by the great owners, who dealt wholesale with the merchants of Lombardy and Flanders, but gradually the small farmer became all-important, and a new class of middlemen arose, the woolmen, or "broggers," who bought the crop from the upland graziers and sold to the foreign market or, later, to the clothiers at home. It is they who have left the beautiful monuments of their traffic: the towers and windows and brasses of the Cotswold churches; the mellow streets of Campden and Ludlow; the walls of Stokesay Castle. The greatest of them passed into English history and were then or later ennobled—the de la Poles of Hull, the Grevilles of Campden, the Pulteneys of London and Bath; others, the Stonors of Oxfordshire, the Celys and Cheritons of London, and John Thame of Fairford, remained within their trade, or joined the lesser gentry.

The palmy days of the wool-grower were soon over. Early in the fourteenth century the exports, and perhaps also the gross yield of wool, reached a peak never attained again. War, taxes, and the development of the cloth trade at home struck at exports, while prices fell in the country for the sheep-farmer. Two lectures, one on taxation, and one on the Staple, show clearly the reasons for this, and reveal the complicated web of intrigue and speculation, systems of credit, discount and monopoly, controlling syndicates and high finance, which lived upon the produce of the flocks. For, on the whole, the profits of the wool crop, from the thirteenth century onwards, went to the merchants, who successfully countered the heavy taxation by passing it on to foreign buyers and country farmers, giving less at Northleach and asking more at Calais. Not a little of this matter will be new even to specialists, and it is most interesting to find Professor Power returning to and developing Stubbs's interpretation of the rise of Parliament as primarily that of a body concerned with taxation, in contrast to recent Constitutional historians who have emphasised the administrative aspects of the Assembly of Commons.

These chapters, so pregnant in matter, so scientific in thought, so lucid in expression, reveal on many a page the writer's love of the English flocks, whether breaking with the curlew the silence of the hills or glimmering by moonlight on some "strip of blanchéd green" by the Thames. Upon these, in the last resort—on the shepherd with his "good barkable dog," and on the little golden hoof that carried the fleece of gold, the "Lemster ore"—rested the whole vast fabric. If the student of economic history can learn much from this little book, others may well be led by it to follow Eileen Power's advice and, in imagination at least, "spend a week-end wool-gathering in the Cotswolds."

DAVID KNOWLES

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

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PONCHIELLI : *Dance of the Hours.* The Hallé Orchestra, cond. Malcolm Sargent (Col. DX1029).

MOZART : *Quartet in B flat, K.* 458. The Philharmonia String Quartet. (Col. DX1025–7).

DVOŘÁK : *Quintet in E flat*, op. 97. The Prague String Quartet, with Richard Kosderka, 2nd Viola (H.M.V. DB3415–8).

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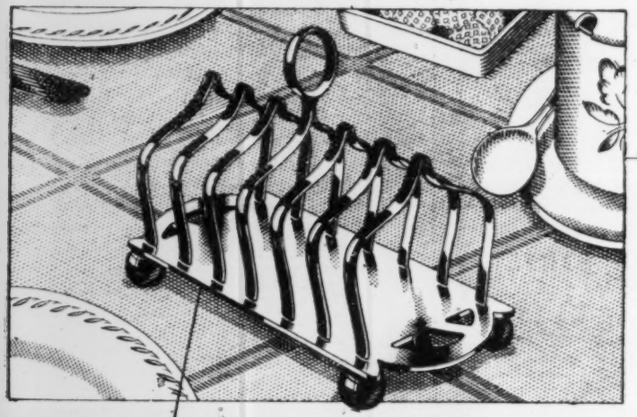

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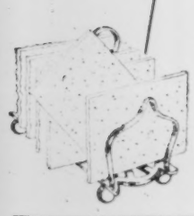

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there is no more padding here than there is in the parallel movement of Schumann's Piano Concerto, where the poetic content would seem to be similar. Perhaps nothing will ever quite reconcile one to the clumsy effect of the instrumentation at the opening of the Adagio. One sees that Brahms wished to give us a rest from string tone; but the result bears more heavily on the ear than need be. Fortunately the rest of the movement effectually removes this initial impression, soaring easily into a clear sky; and the Finale, which could have become trivial, is given the necessary amplitude by the second group of themes and by the unexpected poetry of the last page. Someone is sure to complain that in this recording the soloist is not sufficiently to the fore. I do not feel this; in fact, I cannot remember a performance of this concerto—no, not even Kreisler's—that has satisfied me as deeply as Heifetz's. Listen, in the first movement, to that wonderful rhapsodic inception—that succession of arches leading to the first theme which is an evolution of the procedure Beethoven invented for the "Emperor"; to the curtseying second subject; to the breath-taking beauty with which the winding rivulet of the cadenza emerges at last into the broad calm river of the last page. In all these capital passages Heifetz uses his bow as a master-draughtsman his pencil—here but touching in the line, there pointing an accent with a millimetre's exactitude, and here again creating rich shadows with the bold hatching of a sforzando chord sequence or some piece of virtuoso passage-work so easily performed that it but serves to deepen the recession of the themes themselves. The cadenza itself is played with the same wonderful artistry; I do not know who wrote it, but, though good enough, it is not as pithy as Joachim's or Tovey's. The recording is not quite up to English standards, but much superior to most of Koussevitzky's; taken together with the performance, it makes a set on no account to be missed.

I would say the same of the second item on my list. This is one of Franck's few wholly satisfactory things: the variation form is peculiarly well suited to a work laid out for solo instrument and orchestra, and the composer makes full use of the manifold opportunities; the double theme is most ingeniously exploited; the writing for the piano ("out of" Chopin "by" Schumann) is beautifully happy; and throughout Franck's passion for elaborate modulation is kept within bounds. Miss Hess's manner was born for just this kind of music: she plays it with real understanding—with delicacy for the lyrical variations and especially for the extemporisation in the centre of the Finale—and her verve in general communicates to us her affection for the work. This is an issue that deserves a very good reception by the public, though the recording might with advantage have been kept rather lower in tone throughout.

Moussorgsky's tone-poem is a *Walpurgisnacht* in the manner of one of the minor French epicists of the nineteenth century—Alexandre Soumet, let us say. Inexorably illustrative, it yields much to Berlioz on the same ground; musically very dull, it has a single fine moment—the oboe solo at the end. The performance, on the other hand, could hardly be improved upon, and the recording is appropriately realistic.

Providing—rather more successfully than the foregoing piece—the musical accompaniment to some of the better, because less pretentious, moments of Disney's endless and horrible "Fantasia," Ponchielli's ballet is delicious light music in the style of Délibes. Its harmless and charming measures were in any case calculated to inspire Disney with an interpretation rather less inept than the feeble Japonaiserie of his Schubert, his Beethoven window-dressed by one of the larger millinery establishments, or his Bach illustrated in the manner of modernistic

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upholstery. Ponchielli's brilliantly discreet orchestration is admirably served by this very good recording, which leads one to hope for some more substantial issue by the same new and very happy combination of orchestra and conductor.

Dvořák's Carneval Overture inevitably challenges comparison, on the one side with Berlioz (*Carnaval Romain*), on the other with Brahms' (*Academisches Fest-Ouverture*). To say that Dvořák holds his own between these two famous works is surely praise enough: to claim more would be foolish, for this kind of thing does not attempt much; what it does, it does well, but the genius of the composer only emerges unequivocally in the quiet central section. The recording and performance go all out for noise—a, to me, not very endearing characteristic, even where a rumbustious piece like this is concerned.

On the whole Dvořák is less well served in this than in recent months. I am aware that most amateurs of this composer are apt to number the E flat Quintet among his finer works, but since repeated hearings have not convinced me that it is other than trivial and dull I do not propose to say much about it here. The first two movements, in spite (or perhaps because) of Negro influence in the material, do not amount to much, and the Variations contain the best music in the work; but on the whole even these are rather dour. The performance of the Prague ensemble—at least as here recorded—is remarkable neither for an agreeable tone nor for steadiness of bowing.

It is a long time since we had a worthy recording of Mozart's "Hunt" Quartet—one of the most wholly perfect he ever wrote. The first movement has the deceptive simplicity and blitheness that so often hide Mozart's deeper emotions, though these show through in the subtleties of counterpoint and harmony, and especially in the lovely and tragic Adagio, with its long-drawn passing-notes. The Minuet also has far more to it than many of its colleagues—partly, I suspect, because Mozart recognised the necessity of preparing us for a change of mood in the Adagio, which would otherwise have seemed too abrupt. The playing of the Philharmonia Quartet is on a very high level and the recording matches it. After the Brahms Concerto, this is certainly my choice for this month.

One is glad, for historical and sentimental reasons, to have the Paderewski disc, for the delicacy and individuality of phrasing and the refinement of tone which characterised this great pianist at his best, are here still discernible, although as an example of piano recording the disc is quite unremarkable. Virtuosity is conspicuous by its absence; there is deep melancholy, lassitude, and even a kind of cynicism in the flat sobriety of Paderewski's treatment of this most restrained of the Polonaises.

Messrs. Rawicz and Landauer are not to be congratulated on their latest exploit, which has not even high spirits to recommend it. The *Troika* is ruined by the pointless addition of ornament and thickening of the harmony. Sinding suffers even more, for his is essentially a solo piece; the two pianists pound it out remorselessly and much too fast, in a rhythm which is horribly wooden.

Even McCormack fails to deal satisfactorily with the hopelessly unvocal line of "The White Peace," which exhibits the English tradition of song-writing in its worst light. No continental composer would have thought of introducing, at the crucial point of a cantabile melody, so unsingable an interval as Bax has here written. The Vaughan Williams example does not sin in the same manner; but why, oh! why, can the Count never give us some Wolf, of whom I know him to be one of the greatest exponents alive, or even some retakes of his old pre-electric Rachmaninoff issues? "How fair this Spot!" and "Spring Waters" would make a much more generally acceptable record than this.

Miss Teyte deals very neatly with the *fioriture* of "Nymphs and Shepherds," and her voice is altogether well suited to Purcell's particular brand of limpidity. This is a charming pair of songs.

There is something extraordinarily but indescribably moving about French folk songs: they have the lightness of Elizabethan lyrics, an evanescent humour and an underlying sadness that recall all the beauty and charm of the French landscape as one has known and loved it. Sophie Wyss gives some quite remarkable renderings, admirably in style. One would like some more: "*Qui est-ce qui passe ici si tard?*" for instance. Her singing of the Duparc suffers only by comparison with the quite perfect recording by Miss Teyte, issued a month or two ago.

Finally, I should like to press once again for a recording—by the Kentner Trio, for instance, or by Edward Silverman, William Pleeth and Margaret Good—of Fauré's wonderfully beautiful Piano Quartet in G minor, of which many listeners must have enjoyed the excellent performance broadcast from the B.B.C. last week.

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Competitors are invited to describe the experience before the war that they look back to with most pleasure, and also the experience after the war they look forward to with most eagerness. Entries not to exceed 16 lines of verse or 150 words of prose.

Report by Doll Tearsheet

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Company Meeting

ALLIED BAKERIES

THE sixth annual general meeting of Allied Bakeries, Ltd., was held on September 19th in London.

Mr. W. Garfield Weston, M.P. (the chairman), said that he referred last year to the widespread distribution of their bakeries and biscuit-making plants, and they had cause during the year to congratulate themselves on that fortunate circumstance. On several occasions they had been able to render valuable assistance in areas which had suffered severely from air raids and had many times been called upon to assist in the supply and distribution of bread where local services had suffered more or less total disruption. They had, of course, not come through without loss, but the damage sustained had not been serious.

Shareholders might feel disappointed that it had been necessary to restrict the final distribution to 5 per cent., as against a final dividend of 7 per cent., together with a bonus of 3 per cent., last year, but, because of the increase in the rate of income-tax and Excess Profits Tax, it was obvious that that distribution could not be repeated this year.

The total provision of the group for taxation for the year amounted to £657,000, a truly remarkable figure. In contrast to that, the total distribution to Preference and Ordinary shareholders of this company and of the two holding subsidiaries, Weston Foods, Ltd., and G. L. Bakeries, Ltd., and including the final dividend recommended, amounted to only £134,630. For every £1 which their shareholders received the Government first took nearly £5.

At the last meeting he mentioned the unification of control of their London operating companies by the formation of G.L. Bakeries, Ltd. ; that company had since acquired three others and now embraced practically the whole of Greater London. Allied Bakeries, Ltd., had recently concluded the purchase of the entire share capital of the important Liverpool bakery and food distribution business of Benjamin Sykes and Sons, Ltd., established in 1869. The directors recommended a final dividend of 5 per cent., less tax, making 10 per cent. for the year.

The report was unanimously adopted.

Food and tobacco play a considerable part, although our deprivation of these has not been enormous. The absence of fear is another experience to which many look back with longing and look forward with eagerness. Foreign travel would have been my own choice, if I had been a competitor, and many have made this their theme. To be free of uniform is perhaps the most sympathetic of all the wishes expressed. But I think the entries must be judged not by one's sympathy with the desires expressed but by the skill with which these desires have been expressed; and though I have been much touched by reading so many heartfelt accounts of the gentle pleasures that have disappeared, I have not found the literary standard very high. Guy Innes is monosyllabic—he looks back to steak—and forward to steak. Richard Pomfret looks back to one meringue—and forward to two meringues; Shira back to farming undisturbed fields, and forward to fields with no soldiers in them; C. L. B. and W. H. B. back to the hope of a child and forward to a brother for that child; Miles D. S. Kirk back to escaping from the influence of Berdyaev and forward to a first night of the Sadler's Wells ballet; N. L. P. back, and forward, to being welcomed in shops, P. R. Edgar back to the explosions of Guy Fawkes Day and forward to being woken by the din and flashes not of a raid but of a thunderstorm; M. Snow back to the Fair at Oxford, forward to saying what she thinks of people who welcomed conscription or wanted to send children to the country away from their mothers. Among those eloquent about the pleasure of being abroad are E. W. Fordham (fishing in Norway), C. Brebner (Italy), T. C. Orpen (Vallorbe), P. Meadway and B. H. (Paris), all of whom wish to return in the future to the places they have loved. M. H. looks back to living in Paris with Georgian refugees and forward to visiting Russia; L. V. Upward back to fishing off the Goodwins and forward to tobacco; W. J. Halliday back to climbing on the Grundelwald Glacier and forward to climbing on Scawfell; Li Pee back to arriving home in Ireland and forward to taking a ticket to Vladivostock; Brenda Pool back to breakfast in the Stockholm archipelago, forward to theatre-going in Russia; J. M. back to skiing in Austria, forward to being with her husband again. L. J. looks back to *torten* and a *stein* in Munich and Hans in *lederhosen*, and forward also to *torten*, *stein* and Hans in *lederhosen*! The most curious, however, of *desideria* is Othona's for the tea-room at the British Museum. J. W. F. Hurford looks back to privacy, and longs for peace to bring freedom from fictitious friendship. Elizabeth Harrison looks back to meeting Mussolini and forward to meeting him again. Barbara Fletcher back to winning five prizes for competitions in a week, and forward to new and larger magazines offering more and larger prizes. (The variety of wishes expressed by competitors has fascinated me.) E. D. Prudhoe looks back to winning, when a "mere labourer" 52 years ago, a prize for a poem in dissyllables, and looks forward to death, "to be with Christ." Several of these entries came near to winning a prize, but I think the prizes should be divided between William Bliss for a neat copy of verses, S. W. Green for a philosophical comment, R. S. Jaffray for a surprising choice, and "Spanish Exile" for a simple and moving expression of love for his country.

PRIZES

I

Past.

I have loved rivers always: as a boy
I traced the course of every trickling rill
That swells the Thames by Oxford. Yes, and still,
From boy to manhood, rivers were my joy.
Severn and Avon; Eden, Usk and Wye
I know their waters and my frail canoe
Has leaped their rapids and my summers knew
How Ouse runs slow or Teifi tumbles by.

Future.

But, when this war is over, I shall go
Not where loud rivers roar but to a pool I know
Where my Thames' banks with willow-herb are flushed
And in the shade white water-lilies grow.
There I shall dream away the afternoon
Till that still hour when all the earth is hushed
And, her young crescent silvering the dusk,
One white star-acolyte attends the moon. . . .

WILLIAM BLISS

II

The experience directly affected by the war which I recall, though hardly with pleasure, as of most value and encouragement, is the emotion of amazement at the bellicosity of the world. Years have passed in which I have grown to think of murder, and the conscription of men for murder, as natural human activities, and the emotion has faded away. Yet the attitude which it engendered has not been killed, and the memory of it remains to make me know, though not feel, that I am doing what I am as the result of madness.

I look forward to the time when I shall have around me young people who cannot understand how it was that men went to war, and who are never likely to learn that men can get used to anything.

S. W. GREEN

III

Taking the terms of this competition to refer to the score or so of months previous to the war, I name my least unhappy experience during that time as the realisation that at last, discarding false hope and poorly disguised fear, we were to stand and fight the damned thing.

The pleasure I most eagerly look for after the war is to learn of the confession by the Germans in general that since about 1933 they have been, literally, bloody fools.

R. S. JAFFRAY

IV

Dawn had just broken on the Franco-Spanish border on that never-to-be forgotten morn in February, 1939. Tired out from weeks of insufficient sleep, unkempt from lack of bathing and shaving, I was one of an endless stream of exhausted soldiers, women and children. How could I experience such ecstasy of happiness which then overcame me? The French frontier was reached! The nightmare was over! Once again I could sit and eat comfortably because, although Franco's troops were within sight, they were no longer objects of dread. There was sadness—for our Cause was lost—but there was gladness in the hope and life which once again were rising in my breast.

For the future my greatest desire is to cross again that same frontier, but then in the opposite direction—to know that at last our Cause has won and that my beloved Spain will receive me, not as a rebel but as a son.

SPANISH EXILE

SERVING OUR FIGHTING MEN

OF ever-increasing importance is the work of the Red Cross in the Middle East. Ambulances operate under the Military Commands. Auxiliary hospitals and convalescent homes, staffed by trained Red Cross nurses, minister to the sick and the wounded. This vital voluntary service must be maintained.

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12 UNIVERSITY OF LONDON Extension Lectures on "CRIMINAL LAW AND ITS ADMINISTRATION," by A. C. L. Morrison, (Senior Chief Clerk to the Metropolitan Police Courts), begin at 10.45 a.m. on Sunday, 19th October, 1941, and

24 UNIVERSITY OF LONDON Extension Lectures on "SOCIAL PSYCHOLOGY" by C. A. Mace, M.A., D.Litt., will begin on the same day at 2.45 p.m., both Courses at the new premises of the *Institute for the Scientific Treatment of Delinquency*, 17, Manchester St., London, W.1. (Welbeck 6037). Syllabuses on application. Full particulars in 4th October issue.

BIRMINGHAM CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY announces a SUNDAY AFTERNOON FORUM commencing on October 5th at 3 p.m. at Co-operative Premises, High Street, Birmingham. Booked speakers include: Dr. C. E. M. Joad, Wilfred Wellock, Joseph Reeves, Vera Brittain, Professor J. B. S. Haldane, Professor Laski, Professor Sargant Florence, Dr. C. A. Smith, Francis Williams. Course tickets obtainable in advance: B.C.S. members 1*s*. Others 2*s*. 6*d*., from the CO-OPERATIVE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT, High Street, Birmingham, 4.

SOUTH PLACE ETHICAL SOCIETY, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1. Sunday Meetings, 11 a.m. September 28th, Professor G. W. KEETON, M.A., LL.D.: "THE ORIGINS OF WESTERN CIVILISATION."

HAMPSTEAD ETHICAL SOCIETY, 153 Finchley Road N.W.3, nr. Swiss Cottage. September 28th (Sunday), 2.30 p.m.: Cmdr. E. P. YOUNG: "WHAT ANGLO-SOVIET COLLABORATION COULD ACHIEVE." Discussion. Visitors welcome.

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